JOHN BULL, MARCH 31, 1934

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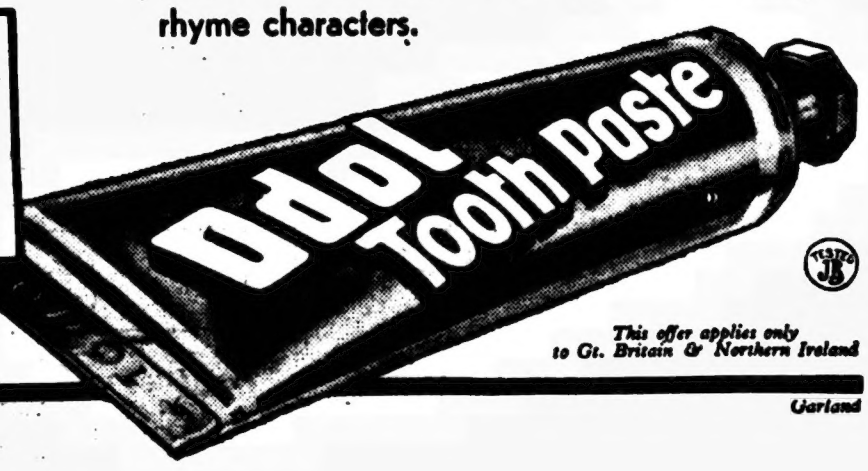

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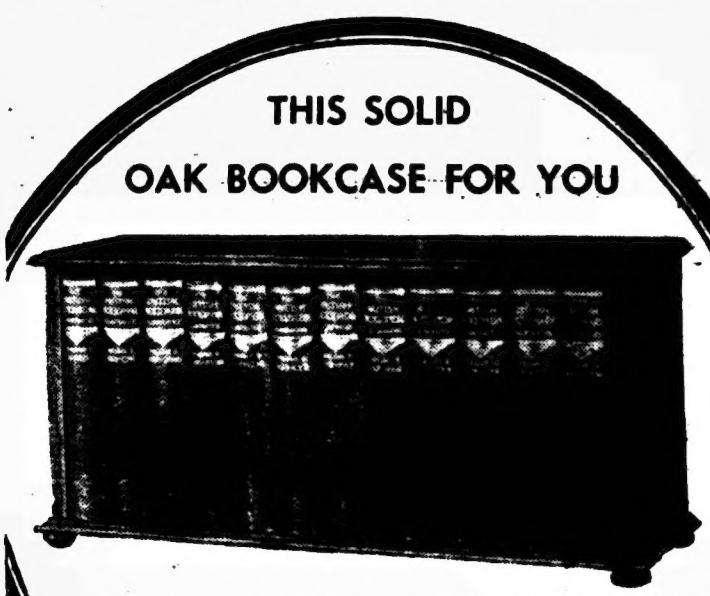

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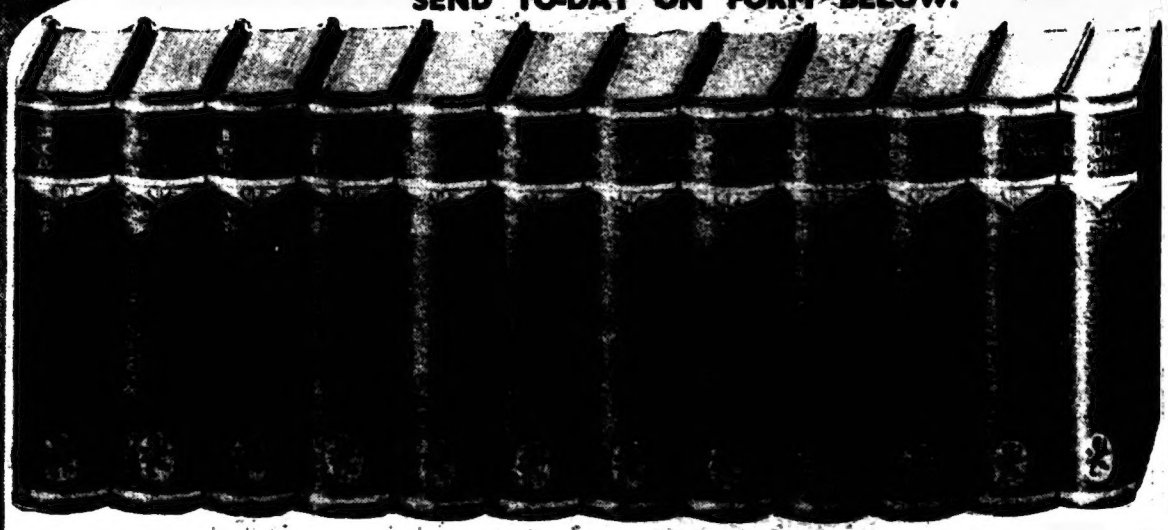

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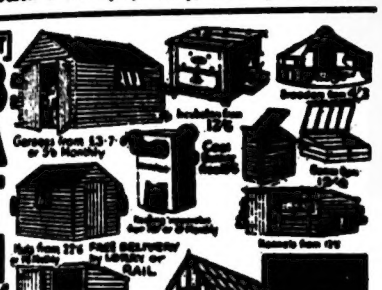

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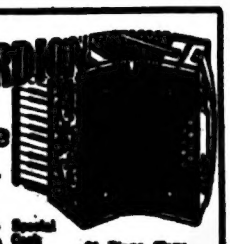

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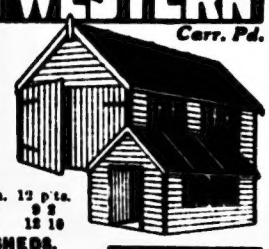

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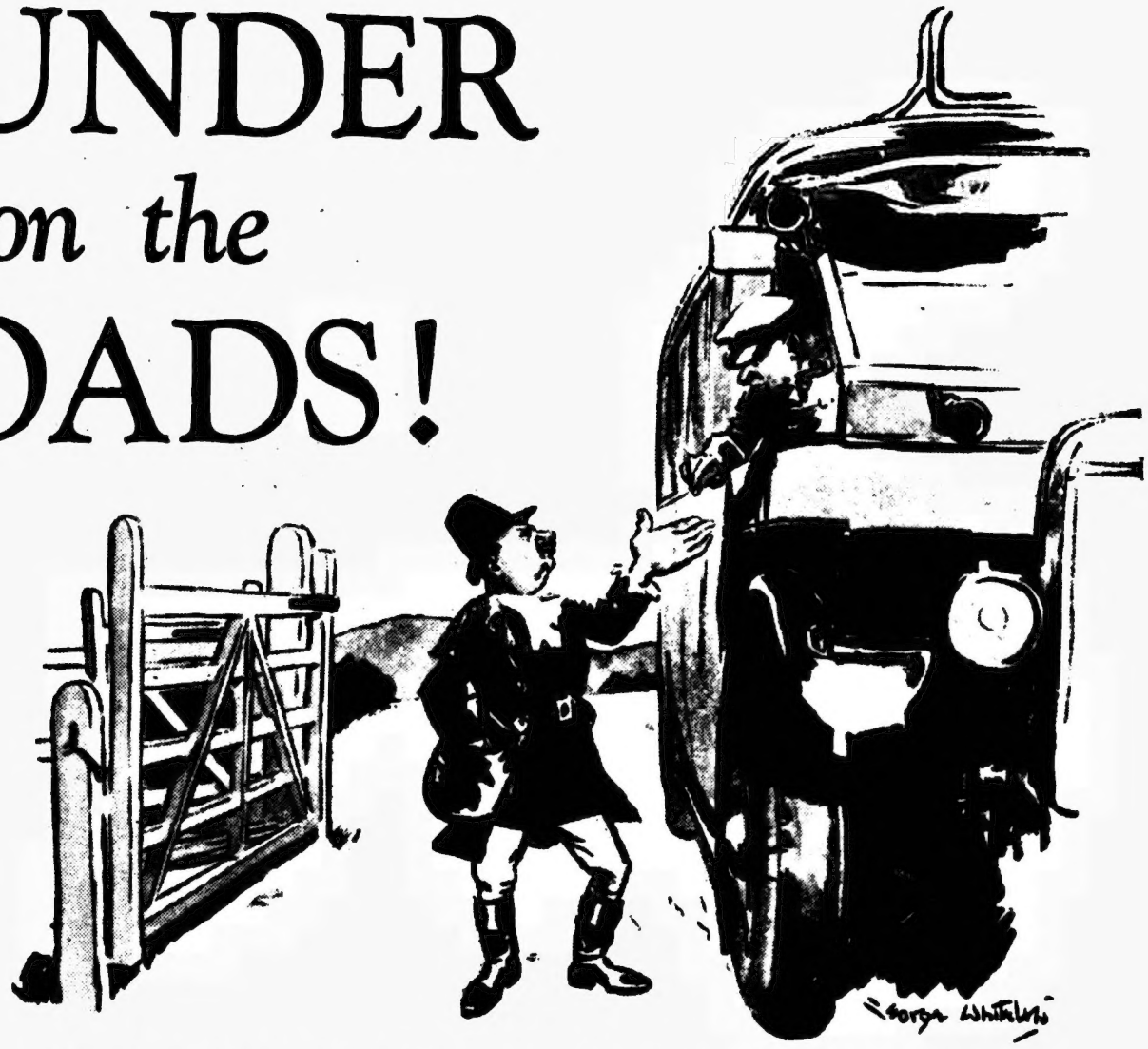


Times have changed, but still the old challenge rings out—"Stand and deliver!"

WHEREVER you go along the highways and byways of England, the cry of "Stand and deliver" echoes from past ages which built the turnpike gates.

But to-day it is not a man in a mask, but a polite collector with a roll of toll tickets and a cash bag who—quite legally—mulcts all those afoot or awheel. He is the representative of an archaic institution—the toll system which has now grown into the worst traffic ramp in the land.

There are about 130 toll barriers in England, all busily making an ever-increasing fortune for their owners, and a mockery of fond delusions like the "freedom of the road."

THE other day at Langport, in Somerset, the annual auction took place of the toll rights on a bridge over the river Parrett at Boroughbridge. A private speculator paid £1,000 for a year's right to collect toll from users of the bridge. In 1928 the right was auctioned for £513. Since then it has gone up and up. This year the Bridge Commissioners had hoped to get £1,500—or three times as much in six years.

At the annual sale a quaint old custom is preserved. The bids must be made while sand runs three times through an hour glass. At the 1932 sale only £800 had been bid when the sand ran through, which was not enough for the Commissioners, so they packed up the hour glass and adjourned the sale for a fortnight. Many people, like ourselves, must have thought that a quaint old *auction*.

When the Commissioners tried again they got over £1,000.

The cream of the situation to the owners of the bridge, and the sting of the joke to the road users whose stream of sixpences and shillings have sent its value skyrocketing, is that a lot of sand has flown through that hour-glass since that bridge was first built.

Since 1821—for 113 years—it has been producing a three-figure and now a four-figure income—sufficient, we should imagine to have paid for the little bridge many times over.

SOMERSET is lucky. The toll at Boroughbridge is the last remaining in the county, and, compared with many which still remain in other counties, its owners are philanthropists.

On the highway between Cardiff and Penarth is a toll-gate jointly owned by the Marquess of Bute and the Earl of Plymouth. In 1924 its owners would have sold it outright for £24,000. To-day they require more than four times this sum. Bus services alone, which have come into being to supply the transport needs of people who have come to live along the route, are now paying £11,000 a year to the toll owners.

Everybody except the fire brigade has to pay, even the local ambulances hurrying to calls and carrying sick and injured people to hospital. The Red Cross Society's missions of succour cost it usually about £12 a year in tolls.

Some time ago a daily newspaper published a picture of the toll-gate at Swinford Bridge on the main Oxford-Gloucester Road. The caption stated it was for sale, and the price asked was £30,000. There was an immediate reply from the agent to the owner of the toll, the Earl of Abingdon, that this figure was in error, that negotiations were proceeding for the sale of the bridge for £100,000.

Without Fear or Favour

An instance of the colossal profit taking which is going on is the Gainsborough toll, one of the few that have been freed since the passing of the Road Traffic Act. It was built in 1787 for £12,000. After more than a hundred years of toll collection it was offered for sale for £15,000.

But while negotiations were proceeding, road transport was developing, and the owners had second thoughts, the amount asked climbed rapidly to £130,000, at which figure it was bought and freed two years ago by the local authorities with assistance from the Ministry of Transport.

Selby and Newcastle both have urgent problems caused by tolls. The first because road users are skirting the town to avoid the toll bridge, and taking trade away from the town; the second, because the one free bridge, the new Tyne Bridge, is so jammed with traffic that an expensive bypass road has to be built.

IN the south of England, between Plymouth and Margate, there are seventeen toll barriers.

All these were built generations ago for a few thousand pounds in all. Now hundreds of thousands of pounds would be required to buy and free them. The motor-car and the motor-coach have made each and every one a goldmine for its lucky owner.

It would be hard, we think, to find a worse example of an ever-recurring, ever-mounting fine on Progress than this toll-gate question. Harder still to find one with a worse record of muddle, shirking and evasion on the part of successive Governments in dealing with it.

The owners of these highway Eldorados cannot be blamed for taking full advantage of the profit modern developments has brought them, any more than any other owner of property can be blamed for demanding the full value of a sudden enhancement in his holdings, whether it has had anything to do with his own efforts or not.

But there comes a point when the public interest is definitely involved. That point the toll-gate question has now reached.

The various motoring associations and the transport users' federations have found themselves defeated in all their efforts to bring the situation to an end.

LOCAL authorities anxious to buy and free a toll have found in most cases that their lean purses are insufficient to meet the prohibitive prices now asked by the toll owners. With every month, and the constant increase of motor transport, those prices are mounting higher and higher.

But there is to hand a remedy.

Buried away in the Road Traffic Act is a clause which gives local authorities powers to make a compulsory acquisition of toll properties when the owner is resistant, subject to an arbitration on price. In the Road Fund contributed by motorists is money available for part of the purchase.

Why these powers have not been more openly exercised is a mystery we want to fathom. The fact is that since the passing of the Act only about half a dozen tolls have been freed. Local jealousies and vested interests is one explanation of this strange tardiness.

But whatever it is, we want to see it speedily at an end.

There are 124 more tolls to go. Twenty-four of them are slung across Class A roads, twenty of them across Class B, archaic survivals perpetually levying extortionate tribute on all who use the highways.

Eighty per cent. of them are in private ownership. The powers are there to make these people *sell out and get out*. They must be used.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Call Off Betting on Election Candidates!

PERHAPS the most contentious piece of proposed legislation to be discussed in the next Parliamentary session will be the Government-sponsored Betting and Lotteries Bill, the terms of which will soon be announced.

We have to offer to the Home Secretary a suggestion for the inclusion in the Bill of a clause upon which all Parties and partisans will surely agree.

Odds-on candidates

Our proposal is inspired by an astonishing discovery in connection with the recent county council elections and the urban and district council elections which have been in progress this week.

This is that bookmakers have been circulating in many areas printed lists of the local candidates and offering to bet, quoted odds upon their chances of election.

In a "field" of, say, six candidates the prices offered will range from 5 to 4 to 12 to 1.

Alarming prospect

This is a scandalous development of betting activity, but we are satisfied that the bookmakers who are responsible for it have not had any ill intentions.

They seem, indeed, to be men of good standing with some interest in local affairs who saw the possibility of opening up a new line of business by giving a sporting flavour to the elections in their localities.

Presumably they have not foreseen the possible alarming consequences of their enterprise if it is allowed to go on unchecked.

Backing the outsider

It is easily conceivable that local representation and government could be reduced to a ghastly farce if the betting element persists and grows.

Nothing would be more natural for certain electors to have a flutter on the "outsider" candidates and then to plump for them at the poll.

The mass instinct to make big and easy profits would, when asserted, impose upon a community representatives to administer its affairs who, in the ordinary way, would have been unwanted and rejected.

How to stop it

If this kind of thing is permitted to go on, it will manifest itself next in Parliamentary elections, because bookmakers are not a class who allow many opportunities to escape.

The menace would be best scotched by the insertion of a clause in the Betting Bill prohibiting any kind of betting, whether credit or ready money, upon elections to all public bodies.

Such a provision would also, of course, automatically include dealing in "majorities" upon the Stock Exchange in Parliamentary contests.

That form of gambling is not comparable with the vicious practice which has just begun, but as one must be stopped so should the other.

Divorce spies to go?

After our long campaign, we have hopes at last of seeing one of the dirtiest blots on our legal system removed.

The Lord Chancellor is thinking of curbing the King's Proctor, the official who spies on divorced wives and husbands during the six months before their decree is made absolute, by making all divorces absolute as soon as the hearing is finished.

That would stop a lot of blackmailing of husbands by wives who refuse to apply for their divorce decree to be made absolute.

Big step forward

We expect a bigger stride will soon be taken along the road to Reform. The monstrous injustice of sending poor debtors to jail will almost certainly be ended.

The committee set up to investigate the matter, we understand, is unanimous in its support of our hatred of the present system.

Its report will shortly be in the hands of the Home Secretary, and a big change in the law will surely follow.

Saving on the Maimed

Divorce Blackmail to Go?

End the death-traps!

Another reform we have been advocating for years is now receiving the attention of Mr. Oliver Stanley, the Minister of Transport.

He will soon invite local authorities to submit plans for abolishing railway level crossings.

We hope he meets with no delay. And if he succeeds in sweeping away these death-traps, he will save both human life and a vast amount of business.

Snowden's life story

We pride ourselves that every paragraph on this page each week deserves its title of "Straight from the Shoulder."

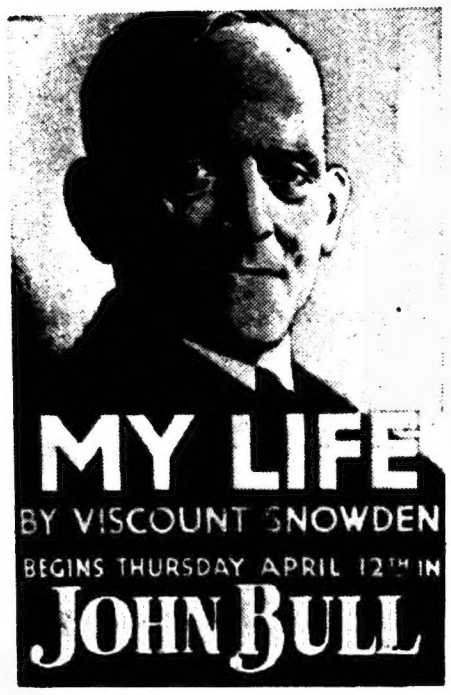
For that reason, no place in JOHN BULL could be more appropriate to announce the forthcoming serial publication exclusively in this journal of Viscount Snowden's life story.

No man in public life is more distinguished for his outspokenness, his fierce candour, his courage, than is Lord Snowden.

At last

Now, at last, the story for which the nation has been waiting is to be told—the intimate personal and political revelations of one of the greatest figures of our time.

Beginning in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 12, we shall publish the first absorbing chapters of "My Life," by Viscount Snowden, the man who, by his stern wisdom when the guardian of the nation's purse, earned from friend and foe alike the title of the "Iron Chancellor."



A reproduction of the striking poster, designed by Tom Purvis, that all Britain will see this week

Home truths

His life story, which JOHN BULL alone among newspapers will publish as a week-to-week serial prior to its publication in book form by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, is not only a political record of the highest importance.

It is an engrossing human document, throwing a vivid and penetrating searchlight on the lives of the "Iron Chancellor" himself and his closest associates in public affairs.

It is told, as he says, in "a plain and simple way as if I were relating it to friends around the fireside."

The man who knows

Lord Snowden has written in all 250,000 words. The first 125,000 are already in our hands and he is now completing the remainder. The high lights from this vast canvas will be selected for exclusive serialisation in our columns.

As he says, no public figure can escape from intrusion into his personal history. "But if the private life of a public figure is to be exposed, the facts might as well be accurate, and no one is better qualified to give them than the person concerned."

But he writes not only of his personal affairs. He writes as a man who was a member of two Labour Governments, as a man who knows as much as anyone living of the inner history of the Labour Party.

His early boyhood, his rise to fame, his political adventures and his encounters with the greatest personalities of the day form an amazing story which none of our readers can afford to miss.

Shameful saving

We wish the Minister of Pensions wouldn't boast about saving millions of pounds. For we have the greatest dislike of the way in which his Department saves.

It is saving money, for instance, by disclaiming liability for an ex-soldier who has had both legs amputated, bit by bit, in a series of operations over nine years.

The British Legion has tried in vain to obtain justice for him.

Maimed

This man was wounded in the back, left eye and the foot. Later he was badly gassed, for which he was granted a permanent pension when he was discharged.

Then the wound in his foot developed gangrene, and eventually both his legs had to be amputated. But despite high medical testimony, the Ministry refuses to accept liability for the loss of his legs.

Betrayed

Another disgraceful case has been brought to our notice as a result of Lord Strabolgi's recent article, "The Great Betrayal."

A man who joined up in the war at the age of fifteen was so badly injured that he had to have twenty operations; has been "sacked" from five jobs because of his disability, has had only five months' work in three years for the same reason.

Yet his pension has been cut down from 24s. and 12s. rent a week to 16s.

No, Major Tryon shouldn't be proud of his savings on pensions. He should be ashamed.

Hospital red tape

We are ashamed, too, of the official coldness displayed by some of our hospitals.

The victim of a Scottish mining accident was taken by ambulance to a doctor who advised an X-ray examination. When he was rushed to Dunfermline and West Fife Hospital he was asked a fee of five shillings.

But the suffering man was in his working clothes and had no money. So they turned him away!

Risk to the sick

Fortunately, when he was taken to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary the examination was made immediately.

The irony is that Fife miners have been contributing to the Dunfermline hospital for years!

And if every hospital refused to treat a patient who couldn't "pay on the nail," we imagine that quite a lot of lives would be thrown away.

Fined for kindness

Quite typical of this slavish sticking to official rules is the minor case of a 'bus driver who was fined last week for carrying too many passengers.

He had given a lift to three Forest of Dean miners who, wet and tired, were faced with a walk of some miles after working a double shift. For that he was haled into the Coleford police court and fined.

We all know the law must be observed, but to prosecute a man for such a kindly lapse is more idiotic than just.

Slipshod

Two court cases this week make most unpleasant reading. In one, a man charged at Gloucester police court reserved his defence, thinking that he was going to the quarter sessions for trial.

But there he was regarded as having come up for sentence and—with his defence unheard—was given twelve months in jail!

The Court of Appeal could not upset the conviction, so it reduced his sentence to the time he had actually been in prison. But Lord Hewart could have said a few words to the authorities who were responsible for this startling bloomer, and we wish he had.

Conspicuous absence

Then, at Manchester, a blind man was sentenced to five years for setting fire to a house. The prosecution was not represented by counsel; there were not even any police witnesses from the town where the crime had been committed.

The judge rightly disallowed the expenses of the absentees. Had he discharged the prisoner for want of evidence we should not have complained.

Aftermath

The aftermath of the war has thrown up few tragedies so poignant as that which has overtaken the household of John Warburton, ex-soldier, of Winsford, Lancs.

Badly gassed and wounded, Warburton's hard struggle against failing health and unemployment ended a few months ago in his removal to a mental hospital.

Unable any longer to face her own terrible situation, his wife has now taken her life, and a child of six has been left to stress the appalling brutality of war.

For and against

And because of the unending procession of war victims to the coroner's court, it is not hard to understand the people who shouted down an Army recruiting film in a Nottingham kinema and caused it to be cut out of the programme.

We are by no means "anti-Army." Let the youth who has a flair for military life "join the Army and see the world."

But military propaganda in the kinema is apt to be misunderstood when there is so much fear about of another war in Europe.

What next?

We told the full story, a fortnight ago, of the Poplar "graft" scandal. We demanded the publication of the auditor's report which dealt with the affair.

To our satisfaction, that report has now been issued. But the matter must not rest there.

What further action do the authorities propose to take?

Where's Howe?

In a recent issue we criticised the methods of A. Howe and Co., automatic machine manufacturers, of Leeds. Our words were only just in time to prevent many people trusting in the good faith of Mr. A. Howe.

He has now disappeared, leaving his two partners in sore distress. And the fifty agents of the firm are wondering what has happened to their deposits of £50 each.

The Murder *of a* Great Industry

Alderman Harbord talking with fishermen of Great Yarmouth. "The solution of their problem must come from a proper recognition of their value," he says

Heaven Help *Our* FISHERMEN!

by Alderman

ARTHUR HARBORD,

M.P. for Great Yarmouth

LIVING meagrely on the little help Public Assistance Committees can give them in Yarmouth, Lowestoft and other fishing ports of Britain, are thousands of fine fellows who are among the finest stock this land of ours produces.

They must forget that such things as luxuries exist, make sacrifices with their wives so that their children do not go hungry. They are doing this now, day after day.

You will have imagined that I am referring to some of our vast army of unemployed. But there you will be mistaken.

I am referring to a class which, although employed, and employed in a very hazardous calling at that, must live like the unemployed because of the terrible plight of the industry they have followed from their youth—the only industry they know.

They are the fishermen of Britain—the men who ride the storms in search of food for you.

How comes it that these very wonderful men, whose courage and hardihood are too well known to need enlargement at my hands, are having to pull in their belts as tightly as if they had never known a day's work for five years?

Certainly it seems so amazing that I often find difficulty in making people believe it is true.

They are suffering because this and other Governments never seem to have studied their interests in any way, and because the general admiration for them never goes, in the case of a vast number of people, beyond belauding them in a few stirring national songs and paying lip-service to their wonderful war work.

Let me tell you why there is heartache in the side-streets of our fishing ports, why the grocers can sell nothing but the barest necessities, why even the kinemas suffer in those towns where our herring fishing fleets are registered.

No need to tell you that the backbone of our fishing industry are the English and Scottish fishing fleets that combine forces in northern waters at one time of the year, and off East Anglia, with Yarmouth and Lowestoft as their bases, at another—the autumn.

I think it is generally known that these fleets have encountered one disastrously lean year after another—not from a shortage of fish, but from a shortage of demand.

Less than the "dole"

I THINK I have only to say, to prove this shortage of demand, that whereas we exported an average of 2,442,080 barrels a year before the war, last year the total catch was only about 400,000 barrels, of which, fairly recently, 130,000 remained unsold.

Now, what does the fisherman get out of all this, seeing that so many of them seek public assistance to help them through the winter till May—when, perhaps, another disastrous fishing season begins again? I will tell you.

The official figure for the East Anglian catch up to November last was £533,848, which is an average of £500 for every boat participating. We will have to assume, for simplicity's sake, that all the boats were run on the English system of sharing, and that the sum given above is equally divided between the different boats.

After the engines have been fed with coal, and the crews with food, and all the dues, labour charges, salesmen's commission and so on have been met, this means that there is £150 per boat left to be shared equally among owners and crew.

As there are usually about ten men on each drifter, this means that the crew's share works out at less than 15s. a week per man, which is less than they would get if they were doing no work at all.

Think of it, out on the fishing grounds on a stormy night, living hard and living dangerously, away from their loved ones, for 15s. a working week. Is there any other walk of life in which the reward of endeavour is so shockingly low?

And there is no one they can turn to for a little extra—least of all to the owners. These men know the plight the owners are in, and sympathise with them very genuinely.

That £75 per boat for an owner is barely enough to cover the cost of mending the nets spoiled during a voyage. It is a mere fleabite where the nets have been lost or destroyed—remembering that a fleet, or set, of nets costs over four hundred pounds to replace.

And on top of that there is the insurance of vessels, the necessary repairs to hulls, boilers and engines, the rent, rates and taxes in respect of the very essential net-chambers, and many other heavy demands to be met.

No, the world wants cheap food, and isn't allowed to have it. The sea, anxious to yield one of the best foods in the world at a cost of from 25s. to 30s. for three and a half hundredweight, finds that this solution of many of our difficulties is unacceptable to somebody or other.

If there is a Father Neptune, how puzzled he must be. Can't you imagine him saying: "I offer you work for your boiler-makers, shipbuilders, coal-miners, cotton operatives, engineers, ropemakers, and all the many scores of different kinds of workers who help to put a drifter to sea, and a cheap food for your people as well.

"I know the world wants this cheap food, and I know there are multitudes of people anxious to find work in supplying it. Yet for some reason that you can't explain to me you inform me that my offer must be refused."

He might speak even more plainly.

He might tell us that while a woman puts her head in the gas-oven because she can't feed her little brood, the number of ships that try to wrest a living from the fishing grounds off Yarmouth goes down by nearly 700 vessels.

Seven hundred ships rotting or rotten, one company that I could name that used to own a fine fleet of ships gone out of business altogether, when there are people wanting food.

Ducks, drakes, herrings

THE reason is more political than anything. It is no fault of our home demand, for the simple reason that we need a foreign demand for our herrings if we are going to produce them cheaply for the comparatively small home market.

The herrings we consume in England are not enough to enable us to run a well-ordered and economical herring fishing industry.

Well, we have played ducks and drakes with our herring export trade. We broke off trading relations with Russia—the country that used to take from us, either direct or by way of transhipment from Germany, no fewer than 1,600,000 barrels a year, worth two million pounds sterling.

We left herrings out of our trading agreement with Germany.

We put a duty on imported white fish which stung Germany to reply with a crippling duty on the salted herrings she used to buy from us.

Whatever happens now, whether Russia resumes buying from our fishing fleets or not, the fact remains that we are closing the stable door when the horse has bolted. The countries who used to buy our herrings have started fishing fleets, or the nuclei of fishing fleets, of their own.

Even Poland, separated from the sea as she is, has a number of ships that one might regard as the nucleus of a fishing fleet. The day may come when she will supply her own needs.

What will happen under the Russian trade agreement I don't know. I should have preferred to see an arrangement under which Russia bought a stipulated number of barrels from us, say, 300,000, at a given price.

Their "S O S"

WE must wait and see. But the solution, if there is one, must come from a proper recognition of the value of our fishermen.

We must remember what we have conveniently forgotten of late that these men did mine duty and kept the seas open for our food ships when we were within ten days of starvation during the Great War.

We must bear in mind that the younger fishermen belong to the R.N.V.R., and are so an indispensable part of our coastal defences, and that if our fishing fleets go out of business we have lost one of the finest adjuncts we had for the protection of our country when we were threatened with extinction as a great nation.

In short, the fishermen of Britain send out an "S O S" to the Government.

They know the meaning of an "S O S"—seeing that they man our lifeboats.

They, who are so used to obeying a call on a winter's night with a perilous gale blowing and the sea rising to mountainous heights, feel that they want the help of a lifeline for once.

They ask to be saved from semi-starvation.

They have never asked for help before. They have been too busy giving it to others. Surely, now that they do so, it is not going to be ignored.

The Mother- of-

NOT all the wonderful women who to-day are the breadwinners, as well as the mothers, of families stricken by the great depression, fight their battles in the home. Some go outside to win the daily pence.

I met one of these great souls in that hard-hit hive of industry—Cottonopolis; another in that other big Northern centre of multiple manufactures—Leeds.

The weather always gives out when I visit Manchester in winter-time. It may be that the sun shines if I am not there, but when I arrive at Cottonopolis it inevitably rains, or fogs or sleets, blurring the bright lights of Piccadilly and turning the sad streets of Salford to a mud-coloured mist.

The houses in this district are sad-coloured, too, for it is a continual fight between the housewife and the climate; indeed, it needs the courage and imagination of a Manchester woman to surmount the depression, economic and atmospheric, too.

The bright and hospitable gleam of a charcoal fire, the appetising smell of freshly-roasted chestnuts, broke the gloom of one of the dingy streets. At the corner where it branched off into a wide thoroughfare was a stall and brazier complete, with a pretty fair-haired woman in charge. She was doing a brisk trade, handing out steaming hot wares in paper bags, and raking in the coppers with a businesslike air that fascinated me.

Lucky, she says

White-skinned, slim-figured, her fingers had the flexible delicacy of a cotton-operative. I bought a bag of chestnuts and discussed prospects of custom.

"This is a good pitch," she said, in a soft clear voice. "I am here every evening from seven till half-past ten, and sometimes later, and I am busy most of the while."

She handed over threepennyworth and put down a fresh lot to roast. "It's difficult to know just how to make a living these days. I'm one of the lucky ones," she added, smiling.

Lucky indeed, for Mrs. Lacey is not only able to keep the home fires burning, but to do it with a smile.

Selling chestnuts is not her only line of business. She works in a cotton mill, running at half-time, and when she is not minding a loom, she crochets jumpers for a small shop at a sweated rate. And in the evening, wet or fine, "the colder it is, the quicker the chestnuts go," she trundles her barrow and hopes for the best.

Mr. Lacey has no work, poor chap, no dole, and a lame leg from a street accident through "his own carelessness," the Court decided when he sued for compensation. If the weather be good he helps a little by hawking round vegetables, but I gathered that he is not a brilliant salesman.

"People like you to be chatty," said Mrs. Lacey, smiling at a chubby little man, who took his chestnuts in his bare hands to warm them up. "My Will isn't one to talk."

Homecoming

There was a ghost of a sigh behind the words. It can't be very pleasant to go home on a freezing night to find a cold hearth and a curt welcome.

Mrs. Lacey intimated that her husband was not handy about the house, and the children got on his nerves.

There are five boys and girls, all in steps, from eight years down to three, and only the two eldest at school. The others are put in a crèche during the day—when there is a little money to pay for it. But sometimes Mrs. Lacey can't manage to scrape even that little together.

"That worries me," she said. "You can't put your heart into your work if you don't know what's happening at home."

The days when she is not at the mill things go more smoothly. But it's always a race to get done, a continual struggle to keep going. Such a pretty, delicate creature, with large dark eyes and a well-shaped mouth—I hoped the wind and the rain and the cruel keen sleet would not spoil the beauty of which she was so utterly unconscious.

In the summer Mrs. Lacey proposes to substitute ice-cream for chestnuts, "though it's tricky to make, if you can't afford the proper machinery." Still, as I felt, people can't expect the best quality for a halfpenny, and at that price she will not have to compete with many rivals!

She shivered as the rain dripped on her shoulders, soaking the cheap coat and the faded little hat. It wasn't fit for a dog to be out that night. But Mrs. Lacey stuck it bravely. There were one or two regular customers, who were sure to come along, and she couldn't afford to lose a chance of making even a penny.

There was a pause in the stream of customers, and growing anxious she cried out her wares in a sweet, defiant call. But there was no answering demand, and slowly and stealthily the fog, just lurking round the corner, began to unroll along the pavement.

"My goodness me," Mrs. Lacey grew anxious, "they'll all be ruined. Chestnuts are no good warmed up, and if you try and palm them off as fresh next time people won't believe you.

Fighting . . .

"Chestnuts all hot!" The clear voice faltered, the fog grew thicker, but it happened that I was able to buy up the small stock before the blackness grew impenetrable, and Mrs. Lacey with her barrow disappeared from view.

What would she find at home?

A broken, dispirited man, five small children, fretful perhaps, and hungry, and the knowledge that to-morrow would be another day to fight, clutching a penny here, saving a halfpenny there,

"The colder it is, the quicker the chestnuts go!"

working at her loom, slaving at her crochet, standing for hours in the open streets.

But always—I read it in her wide brows, her steadfast eyes—always brave and capable, patient and long-suffering. . . .

Off Great Ancoats Street, in one of the back turnings of Cottonopolis, are many heroines. Women of great souls, who work their fingers to the bone to keep the family together.

Day and night

One of them, Mrs. Shepherd, has five daughters and two sons, the eldest thirteen, the youngest five. Her man has not had a stroke of work for six years, and has exhausted transitional unemployment benefit. At present he does minor jobs in the home—washing-up, sweeping, cleaning the floors, and sweeping down the stairs. He is no good as a cook, though he does his best.

Mrs. Shepherd literally dare not spend the time needed to run the place in comfort, though she contrives to snatch a few minutes to prepare a hot meal in the middle of the day.

At home from early morning to far into the night she works at tailoring, turning up trousers at the hem, sewing on buttons.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, under a flaring gas jet for the most part, with reddened eyes and roughened fingers, she is bound to her needle like a galley-slave to his oar.

"The children help," she said, "when they get back from school. They're ever so good."

The smallest toddler was threading

All-Work —She Keeps Three Jobs Going—and a Family of Six, too

In Bravest Britain (4)

by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

needles, and, so Mrs. Shepherd told me, the boys are almost as quick as she is in sewing on buttons.

She was not able to talk much, her whole life seems concentrated in the effort to race time. So soon as one bundle of work is finished, another is returned.

But strive as she will she can never quite overtake the cost of living—there is always a small balance against her. A frail woman, narrow-chested and dull-skinned, there is little left of the comely Lancashire lass whose photograph hangs upon the wall.

But the children look well, and she has her man. And as yet—there was the world of fear and pride in her voice—as yet she's never gone to the parish for a penny!

I do not think she ever will. . . .

Her children and her man! That, above all, is what keeps up the spirit of these brave mothers. No thought for themselves!

I found it so in the darkest homes of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester. And now at Leeds.

Leeds always rises up before me as a hotch-potch of prosperity and poverty, broken-down hovels and expensive buildings. Very occasionally the eye lights on a lovely old corner, relic of a more cultured age, but for the most part the city displays the full completion of commercialism.

And then, just when the spirit falls to earth in sheer despair of finding beauty, the heart flutters up towards joy at the spectacle of Roundhayes Park—a paradise of green trees and leafy glades, singing birds and blossoming flowers.

"Backs" horror

In this fair pleasaunce, removed from dingy squalor, where Nature provides for all her tiny feathered folk and the turmoil of the town is held at bay, those men and women who endure existence in the terrible "Backs" can, I feel, forget their grinding fight for daily bread.

One has to see these "Backs" to believe them. They are uniform in horror, miserable streets where houses crowd upon each other like disordered sheep and families are despairingly cooped up in mean, wretched boxed-up places, an occasional ale-bar the only external sign of cheerfulness.

To my mind it is everlasting testimony to the character of the Leeds workers that, despite environment, the "dole," Public Assistance, and all the ills that ... on unemployed humanity, their kindliness, courage and fine self-respect still flourish undiminished, unimpaired.

Women have a desperate time. So often I heard the same sad story, the husband out of work, transitional benefit exhausted, the only hope parish relief, which, as one wife told me, is not often granted until "you've sold up what you've got left of your home."

Achingly bare for the most part, these homes are but the skeletons of pre-war days when the mills and factories worked at high pressure and the stream of operatives was in full spate. But woman, for her children and her mate, can make and keep a home with the most unpromising materials. Some of them, driven to bay, have formed a travelling home which, like the snail, they carry with them as they go.

Chairmender

Mrs. Jackson, who has battled superbly against poverty, has imagination and resource. Sturdy and strongly built, she has the bright eyes and the firm chin of the adventurous. Bit by bit her household goods have gone to feed the family—three children, her husband and herself—her man has not had a job for three years, and her charing work has grown steadily less.

But when things got to their worst she found another card to play. As a girl she used to stay with her grandfather, who was a cane chair mender, and he taught her the art, which her nimble fingers soon mastered. And now, years after the old man's death, she has gone back to the trade—to win the family bread outside the home.

I first met her on a raw morning. Her strong call, "Any chairs to mend?" echoed down the street. She was pushing a barrow, piled with odd chairs and bundles of cane. Among the baggage, rosy and warmly wrapped, were two children of three and four, eating bread and butter. They gazed complacently from their chariot seat, looking at the world with solemn eyes.

"Do I get many jobs to do?" Mrs. Jackson drew up by the kerbstone and proceeded to deal with a defective chair seat. "Quite a lot considering that people don't buy cane chairs nowadays. It's the older folk who still keep 'em—they're everlasting wear, you know, if they're looked after, and I call regularly at some places out towards the country. It's a healthy life, and it does the children good to be in the fresh air."

The eldest child, a boy of eight, goes to school all the week, but on Saturday joins mother on the round. Mr. Jackson is not strong enough for the chair mending—he is so rheumaticky he can only drag himself about at home—he keeps the place tidy and has a welcome for mother when she and the barrow return.

"I don't do so badly," she said. "I make enough for food, and I'm not far behind with the rent."

She fastened off the end of a strip of cane, gave the babies a drink of milk, and started away towards the country, her clear voice like a trumpet call. . .

A mother of the same indomitable spirit is Mrs. Lee, a daily washer-up at a third-rate eating-house. She works in a basement, where the light of day never comes and rats run over her feet and cockroaches crawl up the walls. Pile upon pile of greasy plates come down in the lift, stacks of cups, entire canteens of cutlery. She starts work early and leaves very late, often with such a throbbing head and aching feet that she could fair sit down and cry.

But there's no time for tears when you have small children and a husband out of work. So Mrs. Lee stumbles along the streets into her slum home and washes the children and scours the floor and gets a bit of supper when there's any to get.

Back again

Red-eyed, wan-faced, Mrs. Lee is a wraith of a woman, but when her children crowd round her and the baby stretches out his arms a sudden flush of happiness creeps up her sallowed cheeks, and with small Johnnie on her lap the surroundings of the day—the grease, the cockroaches, the rats—fade into the distance.

But not for long. Soon she will have to go back to the smells and the darkness and the never-ending stream of washing up.

"If it weren't always the *same* things," she said, "it wouldn't be so bad. But no sooner have I washed the last crock than the first comes down again. I dream of 'em sometimes. . . ."

After Mrs. Lee one almost envies the lot of another I met in Leeds—Mrs. Lewis, who has a tough struggle, but a more human occupation. She sells papers, and by dint of good humour, good manners, and an ocean of tact has worked up "a connection." She has a crippled husband and three good-looking, straight-limbed boys.

From the early morning you will find Mrs. Lewis at her pitch, and always with a cheery word and a pleasant smile. But the weather and the work have told on her She has a nasty cough and her heart troubles her at times.

She shivered

I don't think she pays much attention to her health Her life is divided between her business and her boys.

"They're coming on nicely. My eldest when he leaves school is going to work with his uncle at Selby on a rhubarb farm. I'm thankful he will be out in the country, though he and his brothers are well set up. I'm hoping to give them all a chance to earn their living."

Mrs. Lewis shivered as she chatted. But there was a glow in her eyes, a thrill in her hoarse voice when she spoke of her sons that seemed to hold mere hardship of small account. I felt she had discovered a sort of divine compensation for the buffets of the world—bravery, fidelity, illimitable love were all hers. And as day follows day, each with its difficulties and burdens, its anxieties and disquieting fears, she finds strength to combat them every one.

A dull life, a grinding life that has no room for thought of self, but in some strange, beautiful way transformed into a thing of wonder by tenderness and sacrifice.

For though Poverty takes many things—comfort, security, even home—a splendid and courageous love he *cannot* take!

NEXT WEEK:
Song in Poverty Street

Homely Wisdom – by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Pictures of God

THE season of Lent is now drawing to a close. It is the time of year wherein more general attention is paid to religion than at other times.

All kinds of questions have been put to me in the course of my work during this period, but one especially is of more than passing interest. It is this: "Why should you expect us to believe that God cares anything at all about us? That there is a Power higher than ourselves all sensible men must admit, but what evidence is there that we human beings matter in the least to the purposes of that Power? God does not stop wars or heal sickness or cure unemployment."

This way of putting the case reminds me of what I am told is the quite authentic story of a little girl who was busily engaged in making a pencil drawing.

"What are you doing?" asked her mother.

"I am making a picture of God," was the reply.

"But," remonstrated the mother, "nobody knows what God is like."

"Well," was the little lady's confident rejoinder, "they'll know now!"

She was as near the mark as the grown-up questioner above-mentioned, who at least seems to think he knows what God is not like.

All kinds of pictures of what God is are being drawn for us at the present time. H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Professor Julian Huxley and a host of others tell us that God is gradually being evolved by means of our struggles and aspirations. Some well-known writers hold that God is neither personal nor self-conscious, that God is but a name for the ideal that every man carries in his heart.

At first sight one might hastily conclude that these numerous theories of what God is contradict one another; but that is not so; they all have something in common, and they all in some degree look towards that belief in the character of God which we associate with the teaching and example of Jesus Christ.

This is indeed a remarkable thing when we come to think about it. Dean Inge says: "God for us is the best we can know." That is just it. All the clever men who talk about God think of Him as in some way expressing the best they can know.

What reason have we then for believing that there is a God Who knows and feels and cares for us? The answer to the question is that the noblest, the most unselfish, the most Christlike men and women of past and present have spoken with one voice on the subject. They all testify that they have direct experience of the Presence of God in their lives and of His goodness and guidance.

But they also say that He does His best for the world through human hearts and hands. He does not shield us from effort and struggle, for to do so would be to keep us weak and futile. He requires the best from us and helps us to achieve it. He is the source and soul of all the good in the world.

He is our abiding comfort and our unfailing friend.

Hanner Swaffer's OPEN LETTER to HERBERT MORRISON

Yours is a GIANT'S JOB!

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I little dreamed when we met, only a few weeks ago, to discuss Labour's plans for the forthcoming L.C.C. elections, that, within a month, your policies were destined to capture London.

When, proud to do it, I took part in your campaign, you organised for me my public meettings. In touch with you, I put your case in print day after day. When I met enthusiasm everywhere, I knew, Herbert, that it was very largely the result of your long years of patient work.

You were quietly confident. "If we can swing over 10 per cent. of the votes," you said. . . .

But you urged "Work." You were slandered and attacked. You and your followers were called "Red ruffians" and "hooligans," and heaven knows what. But, quietly, you went on working.

And then the night came when we knew that, after nineteen years of ceaseless effort as secretary of the London Labour Party, you had achieved your ambition and captured London for Socialism.

There was no panic. Next morning the citizens of the capital of the world went about their work, unperturbed. The omnibuses ran as usual, and the Thames flowed quietly past the County Hall, where now you sit as Prime Minister of London.

Yours is one of the great romances of our time. You started life, the son of a policeman, as a London errand boy, working, as boys did then, fourteen hours a day. You educated yourself. You devoted your life to one purpose. And now, at the age of forty-six, your plans have conquered London. And, who knows. . . . ?

They used to talk of you, years ago, as a future Prime Minister. Then, you were one of the successes of the last Labour Government. Your transport schemes, watered down, and made "safe," were adopted by your Tory successor. Now, your recent victory has increased your chances tenfold.

Very heartily I congratulate you, for I know what it means. I have seen you, during recent weeks, in public and behind the scenes. I have watched you marshalling your new colleagues on the L.C.C., working men and women, teachers, doctors and architects, advising them, and, with a calm idealism, practical, almost cold to watch, visualise a new, a nobler and a happier London.

Already, the lies are being printed to defeat your objects. But you will beat them.

Well, they have got nothing on you, Herbert. Only a few months back, you refused a salary of £5,000 a year, one that your Tory antithesis accepted. You preferred to go on serving as the secretary of the London Labour Party, a job that is worth only £10 a week. That is all you have to live on.

And yet, "Herbert" to millions, you will, I believe, prove to be the greatest administrator London has ever known.

What a job yours is! London consists of 8,000,000 people. The L.C.C., which you now lead, spends £40,000,000 a year. Yet its work, controlled by a lot of dull and narrow-minded obstructionists, has, for twenty-seven years, been ignored. Well, who could be interested? Why, they mucked about with Waterloo Bridge for ten years! Then they tumbled down before it!

Mad on "economy," they even stopped the school-children's prizes!

Then, suddenly, when you entered into power, the interest began. Public galleries which, at the County Hall, had been empty for nearly thirty years, were all immediately crowded.

London took a new interest in itself. Instead of being merely an office and a dormitory, it showed that it possessed a living consciousness that was going to lead the world.

You will make mistakes, Herbert. We are all human.

You will be harshly criticised. You see, facing you is all the Big Money, the Vested Interest, the little minds which, but for Privilege, would have no influence at all.

A fierce searchlight will blaze upon you, now, for three years. Yours is a great responsibility. The whole of the democracy of this country now regards you as a Symbol and a Sign.

Well, there is one thing I can tell it of you. You were exactly the same in the hour of your triumph as you were a few weeks before. You scarcely smiled. You were just quietly confident. There was no elation. No, and I did not even notice on your face more than the slightest suggestion of the pride with which, inwardly, you were filled.

* * *

I regarded you as a man of destiny. You regarded yourself, as you have always done, merely as a man who does his job.

Now, the job you have to do is one that would tax the greatest. The slums have to go. Houses have to be built by the hundred thousand. Education has to be improved.

And, before anything, the cruel Means Test has to be humanised. Already, relieving officers, forced to apply, ruthlessly, pitiless "economy" cuts, a tax on the poorest of the poor, are beginning to bless your name because they know that they will be allowed to be less cruel than the Tories made them.

Tories regard poverty as a crime on the part of the poor. You and I know that it is a crime for which Society is responsible.

Well, you have a Plan. Get on with it! Be brave! Fight ruthlessly all the monopolies that have kept London back for years.

London has handed to you a sword of social righteousness. Use it!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir JAMES LITHGOW,
Port Glasgow

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I do not share your pride in the fact that Irish labourers are glad to work in Scottish shipyards for 16s. 9d. a week and that the Japanese worker is content with sweated conditions and starvation wages.

I do not believe you that British workers could live on the same dreadful wages "if they tried."

I hope they will never try, though I should have no objection if you tried it yourself.

The country has suffered too long from the inane creed of low wages; it has learnt that this policy brings not prosperity but poverty.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—"Let us twiddle our thumbs until people die through our neglect." Is that the motto of your officials?

At an inquest on a girl who died from an overdose of a drug, it was said that the manufacturers had asked six months before for this drug to be put on the poisons list.

They were ignored. Now, at last, you are taking action. How many more deaths must occur before you deal with the other dangerous drugs I have constantly mentioned?

JOHN BULL.

Miss CHARLOTTE MAY,
Winchester

DEAR MADAM,—Involved in a motoring accident in France last July, you recently went specially to Amiens to attend the court there.

The President of the Amiens Tribunal expressed his appreciation of your honesty and straightforwardness in coming from England and, as a result, you were fined the light sum of fifteen francs.

The tribute of the French court official was well merited, and had the added compliment of praising the British code.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. TAYLOR,
Westhoughton, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—Your town is in danger of becoming industrially derelict. And so you propose that your fellow-citizens should each subscribe a small amount towards the starting of new industries.

I'm delighted that other business men are supporting you and the whole town is agog. Equally admirable is your idea that the new industries should be run on profit-sharing lines.

May they soon be started and prove successful!

JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK LEE,
Prestwich, Lancs

LEE,—"A professional seducer and trafficker in the souls and bodies of women," was how the coroner described you. He was holding an inquest on a woman who had gassed herself and with whom you had been friendly.

You had withdrawn some of her money from the bank and it has not been traced. You were divorced in 1930, having three children, and two months later married again; later it was found that you were carrying on with yet another woman.

You may not have committed any legal offence, but that should not save you from the scorn of decent people.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. T. SHERWOOD JONES,
Bishop of Hulme

DEAR BISHOP,—Hard knocks both in cricket and the game of life are part of the Captain's great purpose, you say. And you infer that God deliberately allows the "pain and suffering that might fill us with dismay."

You might as well argue that the unemployed are being punished for their sins.

I had hoped that the idea of a grim and unkindly God had long ago been scrapped; I can only deplore that a bishop of the Christian Church should perpetuate it. JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Burford, Gloucestershire

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Justice is ill served by such leniency as yours.

A labourer who quarrelled with a neighbour about a clothes-line pushed her over a wire fence and kicked her in the stomach, and when she got up knocked her down again and caused her to break an ankle. Yet you fined him only £1.

Are you a Bench of women haters?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. J. DEANE, Coroner: Make gas unpleasant to prevent suicide, you urge. No, better remove evils which drive people to suicide.—JOHN BULL.

Master MERVYN EVANS,
Abergele, Denbigh

DEAR MERVYN,—When you returned to its owner a lady's handbag containing nearly £5 you were rewarded with the sum of twopence.

As you are only ten years old, this must have seemed like a small fortune. I trust you thanked the kind lady for her generosity. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WM. POWELL,
London Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have paid due tribute to court missionaries. They are fine people of whom little is heard by the public, doing a wonderful work and carrying out duties which, at times, must be most distasteful.

I wish other magistrates would mention missionaries' services more often, for there is none more deserving of a "pat on the back." JOHN BULL.

JAMES HERD,
Plantation, Glasgow

FOOL,—When caught firing shots from a rifle at a pylon carrying electric cables, you said you had no intention of doing damage.

But I'm glad you did some damage to yourself and hit yourself in what is probably your tenderest spot—your pocket.

Your fine of £5 was a fit penalty for a highly dangerous piece of stupidity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BREWER WILLIAMS,
Maesrhyddid, Mon.

DEAR SIR,—With your wife, you have given your mansion to be used as a convalescent home for miners' wives and children.

In cash the gift is worth about £50,000; from the human angle it is still more valuable, for it will put new heart into thousands of mothers and children in the coalfield. JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON, Minister of Labour: Alleged that Employment Exchange officials are slave-driven. When telling firms to be model employers, remember charity begins at home.—JOHN BULL.

The Cabinet Minister we Can't Afford

by A. G. Gardiner

The question of the moment: "Can we afford Mr. Elliot?"

IT may be a little unkind to ask the question, "Can we afford Mr. Walter Elliot?" at a moment when he is preoccupied with a domestic adventure which all of us hope will make him "happy ever after."

But, at the risk of casting a shadow over a honeymoon, the question must be considered, for Mr. Elliot is embarking this country on a revolution that must affect every household. Indeed, the effects are already visible.

Take the case of bacon. When, a century ago, Brougham said he hoped to live to see the day when every labourer would read Bacon, Cobbett wittily retorted that he hoped to live to see the day when every labourer would have bacon to eat.

Pork that flies

That hope was realised. Until the other day it was an unusual workman's household in which a rasher of bacon was not a commonplace of the breakfast table.

But that is no longer the case. In the course of a year or so bacon has soared in price some 60 per cent. It has taken wings and vanished from a million tables where it was the most familiar and one of the most necessary articles of diet.

That is not merely a rhetorical exaggeration. It is a fact proved by the enormous drop in the income of the great distributing stores. The profits of the Home and Colonial Stores fell last year from £729,770 to £503,805; those of Lipton's from £201,060 to £142,813, and so on. The chief reason assigned in each case is the fall in the consumption of bacon owing to the rise in price due to Mr. Elliot's quota on imports.

It may be that some people have ceased to buy bacon as a protest. Such people, no doubt, have turned to other articles of diet. But the fall is mainly due to the fact that the poorest people can no longer afford to buy it. It is they to whom bacon means most, and it is they who are hit hardest.

This is the firstfruits of Mr. Elliot's plan of substituting artificial scarcity for plenty.

There cannot be a worse case, for, as even the most ardent friends of "planning" admit, hardly any of our farmers produce bacon except as a last resource when the bottom has fallen out of the pork market, and Mr. Elliot's attempt to create a vast new industry at a moment's notice by means of a marketing board and cutting off our external supplies was doomed to failure.

But there is much more to follow. The case of milk is an even more deplorable disaster than that of pigs. It is more deplorable because less excusable. This is not a pig-breeding country; but it is a dairy country. There is no foreign competition in milk, and nothing should be simpler than to secure an abundant and cheap supply of this first essential of life.

But Mr. Elliot's scheme achieves the miracle of hitting both producer and consumer. If a farmer has a surplus of milk and sells it cheap to the poor of his neighbourhood he renders himself liable to a fine of £100. He may pour it down the drains, but he must not sell it cheap to his neighbour.

Potato-control!

Three millions of the taxpayers' money goes to the precious Milk Board, and the net result of the scheme is a glut of milk (which by midsummer will reach astronomical figures) for which there is no visible use.

If, instead of pouring this tribute from the Exchequer into the pockets of the Milk Board, this money had been applied to the distribution of milk to school-children everyone would have benefited—the producer, the householder and most of the new generation, whose most urgent need is a more plentiful supply of milk.

And all this is only the beginning. Potatoes are now being put under a marketing board which will register every commercial grower, regulate his production, fix quotas for imports, and produce the same consequences that have followed in the case of pig control and milk control.

Hops, to which I referred recently, are in the same category. Wheat subsidies have been followed by restrictions on oats, and the insane beet-sugar subsidy is continued, and to be followed by further regulations which can only result in your sugar costing you more.

Now, it seems, the distributing world is to be put in fetters like the producing world.

We are told that a new Board is to be set up to (1) control the whole country's food supplies from farm to shop; (2) fix the price the public will have to pay; (3) deal with all questions of rationing. All the 700,000 shopkeepers of the country are to come under the governmental drill-sergeant and answer to the crack of the governmental whip.

Short of a dictatorship, we are passing economically under as iron a State control as Fascist Italy, or Nazi Germany, or Soviet Russia.

Does he know?

Where is it to end? I am no thick-and-thin advocate of *laissez-faire*. The aim of government should be to secure to each of us the largest possible measure of individual freedom, consistent with the freedom of others; but no society can exist without collective controls. And in this complex modern world we must put up with an increasing amount of State interference with our private activities.

But we ought not to let that interference run amok. We ought not to allow Mr. Elliot to implement a revolution without knowing where he is taking us.

I am not sure that he knows himself. He seems to be torn between two ideas. The one is Nationalism. He has surrendered to that dreadful doctrine which has brought the world to its present lamentable condition. He has surrendered, no doubt, unwillingly. Other nations have gone nationalist, he says, and we must go with them. Hence protection, quotas, restrictions, tariffs—all conceived to block the free currents of trade and to concentrate on the home market.

On the other hand, he is seized with the notion of restricting supply as an economic expedient for raising prices.

Both ideas are bad. Economic nationalism is good for no one: for us it is fatal. Take away our export trade and our doom is sealed. Nor is there any ground to surrender to the demon of nationalism. We are holding our own better than any country in Europe, and if we stand to our guns can still lead the world back to sanity and international trade.

As to the raising of prices, that, within limits is desirable. But if it is done at the cost of restricting output it will aggravate unemployment rather than relieve it. The consumer who pays more for bacon has less to spend on hats and coats and boots.

We can't!

In short, the policy into which Mr. Elliot is stampeding us is calculated to spread ruin all round. It impoverishes the taxpayer by plundering him in the interests of the producers. It cripples the producer with a network of restrictions and handicaps. It sounds the knell of our export trade. It substitutes scarcity for plenty.

Above all it falls with a crushing burden upon the consumer—and the poorer the consumer the heavier the burden.

I think the answer to the question is that we cannot afford Mr. Elliot. It is time that Parliament called a halt to his revolution and sent him to some task in which he will do less mischief.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir James Crichton-Browne on—

OUR MOURNFUL MEALS

WHEN I think of Little Mary
And the time we spend discussing
How her diet we can vary,
And keep petting her and fussing,
I don't wonder that the fickle
Female keeps a rod in pickle,
And will, just as like as not,
Put her victims "on the spot"!

For I fancy Little Mary
Might behave a great deal better,
Though a damsel most contrary,
If we'd now and then forget her,
Cease her welfare to consider,
And peremptorily bid her
To desist from habits shady
And behave more like a lady!

As one who has eaten three meals a day for 94 years, without having had serious quarrels with Little Mary, I think I am entitled to say that I know something about this much-discussed lady.

But I doubt if my long association with her would have been as harmonious as it has been if I had treated her as some people do—always thinking about her and consulting books and diet charts to decide what will suit her capricious temperament.

As any spinster novelist of the treatem-rough school will tell you, the great thing in dealing with a female is to let her see that you are her master, and this works as well with Little Mary as with any cinema heroine who falls hopelessly in love with the first sheik who cracks his whip over her.

My advice to people who worry about diet has always been: "Eat anything, as long as it isn't poisonous," and I fancy that quite a few eminent physicians are now coming round to this view.

For years we have been listening to lectures about calories and vitamins, until, with many people, arranging their meals has become more complicated than filling in their income-tax returns.

All this fuss and flurry about proteins and carbo-hydrates has been carried so far that a well-known authority on food, Dr. Robert Hutchison, warns us that we may yet find ourselves over-energised in a condition of hypervitaminosis.

Hypochondria, as you know, is a morbid state of causeless melancholy, and hypervitaminosis may be a condition of melancholy brought about by too much brooding over what we should or should not eat, when and where we should eat it and how many times we should chew it.

The fact of the matter is that, encouraged by some sad people who call themselves dieticians, we are a great deal too solemn about Little Mary.

"Instead of being frightened of our food," says a correspondent, "we should embrace it gaily, clink our plates as frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern were wont to clink their canakins, and, if necessary, help it on its way with a rousing Eating Song."

Full many a ditty has been sung in
praise of booze and Bacchus,
And some, I own, are fine to hear,
while some are not so good;
But I am sick of drinking songs,
And yearn instead for clinking
songs,
For songs to shake the rafters to the
glory that is food!

Let others sing of Burgundy, but my
delight is cabbage!
Likewise a tender cauliflower to me
seems simply grand!
But what I like the best of all—
The food that robs the rest of all
Its flavour—is the roasted beef of
England's smiling land!

Why should we not make merry as we
linger o'er our carrots?
And as we eat our spinach sing a
chorus, loud and gay?
Soup should inspire a swilling song,
Boiled lamb a really thrilling song.
A song to help us bear the eat and
burden of the day!

"It gives one strength to carry out their daily work . . ."

writes Mrs. R. of Glossop

Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her NOW!

This is an extract from the letter of a woman who has to work, day in, day out—work *hard* :—

> **"This last month I have used Bourn-vita, and can honestly say that I find it far superior to any other beverage. It induces sound sleep, it gives one strength to carry out their daily work . . . I cannot speak too highly of it . . . The flavour is *most delicious.*"**

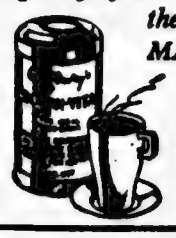
Never a day passes but Cadbury's receive some letters like this, sent in gratitude by busy people who say they are able—thanks to Bourn-vita—to tackle life much more easily and happily now.

Bourn-vita can help YOU—Yes, in all you have to do. Start drinking it to-night and note the difference. Good sleep at night, more energy by day, will soon make lighter work for you of *everything*.

Bourn-vita is the last word in modern food-drinks—the outcome of Cadbury's century of experience as food-drink specialists and of the latest discoveries in dietetics. It is perfect nourishment, most rapidly assimilated, and a great aid towards good digestion.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BOURN-VITA

in promoting sleep and increasing energy is due to the high quality of the ingredients and to the help it is able to give the digestion because of its rich content of MALT DIASTASE. This diastase in Bourn-vita remains healthfully active under all ordinary digestive conditions. ★



★*PROOF of the above is available to any doctor on request.*

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BOURN-VITA

FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

¼ lb. 9d. ½ lb. 1/5. 1 lb. 2/9.

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked JB In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

PENSION AND £600 CASH WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 251

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from :—

MRS. J. YOUNG, 27, PRESTON PLACE, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 a week for life and £600, or one lump sum of £1,000.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 20 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 17s. :—

Baxter, C. E., 44, Harrow Rd., Bournemouth; B'ham.; Billington, J. C., 7, Allenby Rd., Gateshead; Manchester; Bodsworth, Mrs M., 9, Weston Rd., Doncaster; Brown, L. F., Naphill, High Wycombe, Bucks; Clegg, Mrs A., Susie Cott., Rimington, Nr. Clitheroe; Cole, Mrs. G., 14, Balmoral Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.2; Deas, D., 44, Tewkesbury Terr., London, N.11; Dewhurst, Mrs M., 55, Holgate St., Great Harwood, Blackburn; Dore, J., 88, Hyde Rd., Woodley, Cheshire; Green, J., 12, Arthur St., Milton Regis, Kent; Haddock, Mrs. L., 26, London Rd., Halesworth; Hollingworth, J., 175, Kings Rd., Ashton-u.-Lyne; Howse, L. B., 205, Kingston Rd., Teddington; Jackson, P., Hall Farm, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent; Jones, W., 23, Spring St., Dowlais, Glam.; Knox, V. S., 4, Wandsworth Gdns., Belfast; Lewin, Mrs. A., 21, Margaret St., New Brancepeth, Durham; Litherland, T. F., 22, Sandon Rd., Edgbaston, B'ham; Malone, Mrs. S., 16, Goverton Square, Highbury Vale, N.; Marshall, G. H., 1, Melbourne St., Pallion, Sunderland; Burnley; Moore, F., 32, Churchill St., Colne; Mostyn, J., 38, Promenade, Southport; Palmer, T. J., 39, Dennis Way, Clippenham, Slough; Russell, N., 27, Dallam Ave., Saltaire, Yorks; Shore, A., 738, Manchester Rd., Castleton, Rochdale; Thompson, K., 25, St. George's Ave., London, N.7.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 249. Nineteen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £5 5s. 4d. have been despatched.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 cash, or one lump sum of £1,000, appears on Page 32, together with prizes for runners-up. Try your skill now!

DISGRACED by WRONG ARREST

Mrs. Sarah Stone

Victim of a Shameful Police Error

UNMISTAKABLE apprehension has been aroused in different parts of the country by the disclosures in a number of recent cases of hasty and wrongful action by police officers against innocent citizens.

In one week there has been revealed the arrest and detention for ten days of a messenger-boy, who was held as a suspected person merely because he flashed an electric torch in the street; the seizure of several people on suspicion because they were sauntering near motor-car parking places and said to be "peering into" cars; and the detention of guiltless people against whom there had been laid "information" which the briefest enquiry would have proved worthless or false.

One case among those which have lately happened has not so far been made publicly known. A worse example of blind action by the police and the infliction of disgrace and suffering upon a helpless person who had done no wrong could scarcely be conceived.

The accusation

The victim in this instance is a seventy-five-year-old widow, Mrs. Sarah Stone, of 13, Silvermere Road, Catford, London.

No person is better known or more respected in Catford than this old lady. She has lived in the district for more than half a century. Her husband, a master tradesman, was in his lifetime prominent in local affairs, and she reared there a family of sons and daughters, all of whom have made good in the world.

The finger of suspicion had never been pointed against any member of this household until the other day.

Mrs. Stone, although wonderfully well for her age, is now prevented by a serious physical disability from going much out of doors.

Indeed, one of the longest journeys she makes is the few minutes' walk from her home to the local post-office weekly to draw her old-age pension.

It was on Friday when she went out for this purpose that the most terrible incident in her life befell her.

Twenty yards from the post-office, Mrs. Stone paused to converse for a few moments with a gentleman who for many years had been a neighbour and friend of her family.

They had just parted when a woman rushed out from the throng of passers-by on the pavement of the busy main street and, seizing Mrs. Stone by the shoulder, hysterically accused her of stealing ten shillings.

Detective work!

The woman declared that she had let fall a 10s. banknote and that she had seen Mrs. Stone pick it up from the footpath.

Mrs. Stone protested that a mistake had been made, but her accuser was insistent and vociferous. She kept hold of the old lady until a policeman in uniform came on the scene.

This officer was politely listening to the story of the supposed missing note when a plain-clothes detective arrived and took charge of the proceedings.

The woman who alleged the loss of her money not only repeated her assertion to him that it was now in Mrs. Stone's possession, but added that her children at home had not had breakfast and that the ten shillings represented all the money she had depended on to feed them for a week.

The 10s. note, she explained, had been given to her as change from a £1 note at a shop where she had purchased some linoleum.

It did not apparently seem to the detective that it would be a pertinent question to ask why the children of a woman who had £1 to buy linoleum should be without food.

The observation-power of this detective cannot yet be fully developed. If it was, he would have seen that Mrs. Stone's physical disability is so obvious that it would be impossible for the old lady to stoop far enough to gather anything from the ground.

He appeared to accept outright the story related to him and to be convinced that Mrs. Stone was a thief.

"Now then," he demanded, according to Mrs. Stone's story, "where is this money? Out with it!"

The aged woman was almost speechless with fright. She stammered a denial that she knew anything about the missing note and was able to explain that she had no money whatever in her possession—not even a halfpenny.

Her pleas of innocence were ignored. The detective continued to demand that she should produce the money.

A great crowd assembled, attracted by the spectacle of the gesticulating, bawling accuser; a policeman in uniform, and a detective addressing a feeble old women.

The detective decided upon firm action. He took Mrs. Stone into custody, told her she would have to go with him to the police station and escorted her through the excited mob of spectators.

In the crowd were, of course, many people who knew her and who must have been amazed at her humiliation.

Examination

The police station is a mile and a half away, and Mrs. Stone told the detective that she could not walk that distance and had no money with her to pay for a conveyance.

She was driven there in an omnibus, her police escort paying the fare on behalf of the Crown.

Inside the police station Mrs. Stone was again ordered to produce the supposed stolen money.

She states that under examination she reached a state bordering upon nervous collapse, and was frequently threatened with "serious trouble" if the lost banknote was not quickly forthcoming.

She was searched. Her handbag, even to its lining, was examined. All that was found in it was her old-age pension book, a doorkey, a handkerchief, and a piece of paper bearing her name and address, such as is often carried by elderly women so that they may be identified if they are struck down by accident or sudden illness in the street.

On the back of the slip of paper was written:

Shopping basket
Pair of scissors
Saucepan
Hot-water bottle

The examining detective pounced upon this list of articles and interrogated Mrs. Stone about the meaning of it.

What possible clue it was thought this would provide to the theft of a 10s. note or why the police thought it part of their business to know is beyond conception. It was merely a memorandum of household things which had to be bought.

After being detained nearly two hours, Mrs. Stone asked how much longer she would be kept in custody, because she was faint and alarmed, and wanted her relatives to know the awful position she was in.

Her terror increased when she understood from the reply that she might remain a prisoner for any period from three days to three weeks.

Foiled in the search for the money—it was now clear that Mrs. Stone had none upon her—the police embarked upon another line of investigation.

They obtained from the old lady an admission that a few moments before she had been accused in the street she had been in conversation with a bearded man. There, of course, was the solution! The money had been passed to him. Who was the mystery man?

Mrs. Stone gave his name and address and described him. At once the enquiry in this direction was dropped. *The name was that of a former officer of the Metropolitan Police with a fine record of honourable service!*

Then there came into the police station a senior and experienced police officer who took charge of the case and proceeded to end the tragic farce.

He ordered the accusing woman to be brought forward and questioned. Under examination her story was torn to pieces. She now confessed that she had not seen Mrs. Stone pick up the note, but had been told by someone else that she had done so.

The "someone else" could not be found, but all the time the search was proceeding for the supposed witness Mrs. Stone remained in custody.

At last the poor old woman was released. But she was not even provided with her fare to make the long journey home, although the police had so thoroughly satisfied themselves that she had no money. Only the arrival of a relative made it possible for her to get there.

Think of the extraordinary plight Mrs. Stone would have been in if the charge of theft had been made against her when she was leaving instead of arriving at the post office and had collected her old-age pension!

Explanation wanted

She would then have had ten shillings in her possession and would have had to go to great lengths to establish her innocence.

And think of the consequences which might occur to the health of an elderly woman with a weak heart who was interrogated and taken into custody in the midst of a great crowd without evidence or justifiable suspicion, and then made to endure the further indignity of prolonged examination at a police station.

As it is, Mrs. Stone has been made distraught, and it is no wonder that on the day following these amazing incidents a senior police officer was sent specially to call upon her and enquire after her health.

There is obviously a case here for Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of Police, to explain publicly why any person, and particularly an infirm woman of seventy-five, should be subjected to humiliation and suffering in such astounding circumstances.

The exercise of zeal and imagination in this manner in the police detective organisation is scarcely commendable.

WHAT IS IT?

"John Bull's" Latest and Greatest Surprise for Every Reader. Look Out Next Week.

I can rid you of CATARRH once and for all

HEAD NOISES & CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

I have banished this nauseating complaint for 100,000 others I can do the same for YOU or it shall not cost you 1D.

I know what is behind your mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easer that may, or may not, give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes . . . AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH, though you have very little faith left.

My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally sound and totally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by Divine inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say. But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. I HAD TO. For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me.

Mercifully, I DID. And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unfortunates with whom I have shared my discovery has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself.

I want to show you why, how, and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body, and why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold, and are always one of the first to be attacked by 'flu. And most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably end your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say **no one need suffer any longer. Now is the time to conquer your complaint and get rid of if for ever, so that you will never have to suffer in winters to come as you have in the past. Not even hay fever martyrs need dread the coming Summer, because my treatment has met with remarkable success in such cases.**

If you are in earnest to end your suffering, write to me on the convenient coupon below. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You may, if you wish, send 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is optional.

I have just got room to print this guaranteed, genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my offices, and reproduced in full the writer's own heartfelt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.

I Know what it is

to be everlastingly clogged in all my breathing passages,

to be dulled and incapable in mind and suffer from heavy brow aches,

to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head,

to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never-ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech,

to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat,

to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

I have suffered myself!

I don't believe in Free Samples. They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.

Allan Cooper

"CATARRH GONE IN 3 DAYS NEVER RETURNED."

"I am writing with sincere thanks for your wonderful treatment for Catarrh. The result was most wonderful. I was only taking the treatment three days, and to my surprise the third morning I awoke and found the dreadful complaint was gone. I have delayed writing, thinking perhaps it would return, but I have never felt the complaint since, and am now in perfect health. *It is now two years since I had your Treatment*, but have not had a recurrence. I feel as if I have never even suffered with Catarrh. People have asked me how I got rid of it, and it has been a pleasure to recommend your treatment." (Signed) C. MARKS.

Let Me Tell You How FREE

To Mr. ALLAN COOPER, 22, Strand, London, W.C.2. Without cost or obligation, please tell me how to permanently rid myself of Catarrh and Head Noises.

NAME .....
(PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

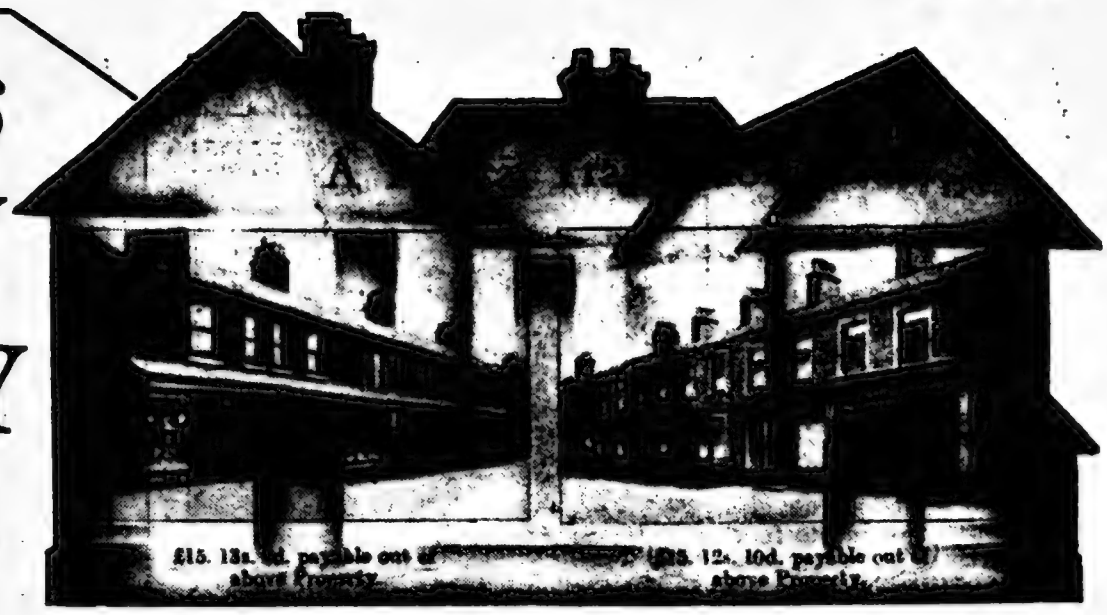
"John Bull," 31/3/34.

I'M NICER WITH MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

Audacious FRIENDLY SOCIETY Scheme

by Sir Wyndham CHILDS



The Society aims to make big profits for small investors in property deal's ; but its proposition is nebulous in the extreme

THE promise of a safe 6 per cent. investment is one that is likely to attract the attention, and the money, of small investors throughout the country.

This generous offer is now being made by the English Land Society, Ltd., of 83, Bridge Street, Manchester, whose representatives are now particularly active in London.

A branch office of the Society has been opened at 387b, High Road, Wood Green, from which address an advertising campaign has been launched in the local Press.

The following is typical of the announcements which have recently appeared:

"Safe investment at 6 per cent. An established Land Society offers absolute security to a small investor who cannot afford to speculate, yet who must have reasonable interest. Co-operative investment in real estate is the only method of insuring perpetual safety and income; limited amounts only.—Prospectus free from the Branch Manager, the English Land Society, 387b, High Road, Wood Green, N.22."

Sufficient here to whet the appetite of the inexperienced investor who is looking for an opportunity to make good use of his small capital.

Open-hearted

The prospectus and other literature issued by the English Land Society, and displayed in the window of the branch office, are as alluring as the advertisements

It is boasted that the Society's investments are the soundest securities available to-day, including "Freehold Chief Rent, Ground Rents, Estate Development and Real Estate."

Then, with open-hearted generosity, the members of the Board of Directors, who have had some thirty years' experience, are prepared to place their knowledge at the disposal of investors. Nothing could be fairer than that!

The potential investor is told that the English Land Society is superior to most forms of investment, because of the following facts:—

1. It controls its own properties.
2. It can take the profits on actual operation.
3. It possesses wider powers.
4. It enjoys greater mobility of resources.
5. It commands experience.
6. It safeguards investors at every point

To impress you

When it is also stated in extra large type that the authorised capital of the Society is no less than £100,000, the would-be investor may jump to the conclusion that the English Land Society, Ltd., is a powerful concern built on solid foundations

In a brochure published by the company there is much to impress the unwary

There are for instance, photographs of blocks of houses. Is one to presume that the ground-rents of these and similar properties have brought profit to the English Land Society?

Indeed, the whole of the literature of this concern is cleverly produced to impress the too-trustful investor, and at the same time to persuade him to invest his money in what appears to be a substantial concern.

Optimistic

But our own investigations show that the English Land Society, Ltd., in spite of its resounding title, is a flimsy and jerry-built concern with no assets and little capital

Its light-hearted promises of a safe investment at 6 per cent. are undiluted nonsense.

It will be time enough to talk in that strain if and when the society has been firmly established, but until then they should restrain their optimism.

Investigation into the past and present history of the English Land Society, Ltd., reveals some interesting facts.

This Society was registered in July, 1892, and although it had a nominal capital of £100,000, only forty-five £1 shares have ever been taken up, according to the official returns.

Although it can be truthfully described as "old-established," the English Land Society, Ltd., appears to have done nothing in particular during the forty odd years of its existence.

This is not surprising, since the cash in hand for forty-five shares amounted to exactly £45, and has not varied with the passing years!

Truly this is not a large sum with which to indulge in investment in real estate, the buying and selling of land, the advancement of cash on leases, etc.

For these are all included in the objects of the Society.

Then the articles of association provide that the remuneration of the directors was to be agreed by members in general meeting.

But since 1892 the directors must have had rather a thin time, as no general meetings appear to have been held.

Even if these meetings had been held, it does not seem likely that the share capital of the Society, amounting to £45, would have gone very far in the way of directors' fees.

No cash account has ever been published and the annual returns filed at the office of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, including the last one, dated December 31, 1932, show the number of members has remained constant at the imposing figure of seven!

Multiplication

The balance of loss brought forward year after year to the date of the last return is £45, which is the amount held in shares by the noble seven members, who, to some extent, must have grown up with the Society

There is no indication that this precious concern has any assets or has done any business at all up to the date of the last return.

That this moribund Society is again becoming active after all these years of inactivity is surely astonishing.

But no more so than the boast in the latest printed matter that the authorised capital is £100,000, when actually the paid-up share capital is only £45.

That anyone could have the impudence to offer a safe investment at 6 per cent. to the small investor in such circumstances is an instance of financial adventuring of the most audacious kind.

Investors who may feel tempted to put up money in the hope of netting "a safe 6 per cent." should ponder over the above disclosures and leave this tinpot Land Society severely alone.

STAR-GAZING *by* POST !

THE London Astrological Institute, of 40, Camden Road, London, seeks to establish in all parts of the country, persons enabled to wrest from the stars the secrets of the future.

In a publication called *Looking Forward*, it offers tuition in planet-gazing, to be absorbed in ten lessons of one hour each a week.

The course of instruction it is now advertising is claimed by Mr. Cecil Nixon—described as "Britain's foremost astrologer"—to be the cheapest and most comprehensive obtainable in the country.

* * *

According to Cecil Nixon, many people at the present time *learning* to cast horoscopes are earning from £5 to £20 a week in what he aptly describes to be a "most lucrative profession."

And apart from the invitation extended through the medium of the London Astrological Institute, there is an offer made by Nixon himself to all who seek "carefully prepared advice."

The advice this seer dispenses ranges from a complete health diagnosis to an insight into business and financial prospects.

In addition the client is afforded hints on natural cures, and his love or marriage aspirations.

Cecil Nixon is also ready to narrate your life story, together with two years' predictions, for five pounds.

"Forewarned is forearmed," he declares.

This astrologer and seer combines the duties of secretary of the London Astrological Institute with those of editor of the star-gazing journal *Looking Forward*, the cover of which is adorned with a futuristic impression of a damsel in the bright glare of a gigantic star.

The early pages of this publication are devoted to an advertisement in which Madame Tistel, a Parisian astrologer, of the Chateau de Beauchamp, Seine-et-Oise, Paris, guarantees satisfactory accuracy to her clients, or the return of their money.

This is in due course followed by a page of fulfilled predictions—the great bank crash in America was one.

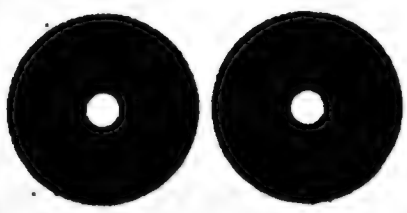
Readers are then informed that in centuries gone by doctors studied the stars as well as medicine.

A page is devoted to a diatribe on signs of the Zodiac and health, but in the corner there is a note to the effect that the Health Department of the London Astrological Institute will compile a diet chart in return for 2s 6d.

It is, of course, quite obvious throughout that the return most anticipated is a cheque or a postal order.

The Woodcock Publishing Company, of 40, Camden Road, London, which is responsible for the issue of *Looking Forward*, invites readers to forward 7s. 6d. in exchange for a post free copy each month.

It is abundantly clear that this campaign is intended to fill Professor Nixon's pockets.



TWO OF THEM

Which of "John Bull's" Two Great Surprises Will You Have? Both Coming Soon for Every Reader.

The Big IF . . .

"IF"—one of the shortest words in the English language—makes up in importance what it lacks in size.

This man pleading before the Public Assistance Committee might have been wealthy, that heartbroken woman never known the meaning of unhappiness, if——

Strange that word of two letters can be a swivel on which human lives turn.

As an instance, there was a disastrous fire in a Durham village recently. An outbreak in a shop spread to the flat above and raged with such ferocity that it was almost impossible to identify a single piece of furniture or domestic article afterwards.

It seemed nothing short of ruin for the family concerned. At least, it would require years of self-sacrifice to make up the loss.

And yet, because the householder had signed a form which awaits your signature on page 16 everything turned out all right in the end.

Soon he was writing a letter of thanks to John Bull for the cheque we sent him, one sentence of which emphasised the importance of that small, simple word we have mentioned.

"My wife and I have been asking ourselves what we would have done *if* we had not been registered readers of John Bull," he wrote.

Four times unlucky—but—

"John Bull" always pays.

MASTER ROBERT SAMUEL GOODWIN, who lives at 73, Ty Isaf Park Road, Pontymister, Mon., is continually in the wars. *Four* times he has broken a limb whilst having a jolly good time with his friends.

This is amazing enough, but equally so is the fact that all these four accidents happened in the short space of *nineteen months*, two of them occurring almost exactly one year apart.

Here is Master Robert's record, which must be causing his parents a great deal of concern :—

August 16, 1932. Climbed a tree after nuts whilst on a picnic. Fell and broke his arm.

March 23, 1933. Whilst playing a game at "Scouts" fell over a seat and broke his leg.

August 12, 1933. Whilst running after a ball, tripped over a stick and again broke his leg.

March 1, 1934. Slipped whilst playing football, again the doctor's verdict was "broken leg."

Robert's parents, too, have created a "record." Having taken the precaution to register for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift, they received a cheque from "John Bull" under the Children's Accident Section *each time Robert came to grief*, and in each case a bonus of 10 per cent. was added as they had been registered for more than three months.

BROKEN BONES IN THE PLAYGROUND. Longer daylight hours are giving children more time for play away from home — and watchful eyes. A slip —and a game becomes a tragedy.

Four cheques in nineteen months! Doesn't this go to show the great practical nature of our Gift and how necessary it is for parents to register?

Besides watching over the children, "John Bull" protects the *home* in unsurpassed manner.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper to cover the home against Fire, as it is the *only* paper to provide benefits for Sickness and damage by Storm and Flood.

Whether you are a family man or single, it is a duty to you and yours to safeguard against the unexpected by signing the forms below—*now*.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 31/3/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 31/3/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupons!

EDNA'S SECRET...

FUNNY HOW ALL THE MEN FLOCK ROUND EDNA
SHE'S QUITE PLAIN REALLY
YES - I WONDER WHAT SHE USES ?
OF COURSE, SHE HAS A LOVELY SKIN
EDNA - WHAT KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY?
KNIGHT'S CASTILE - IT PREVENTS "TIRED SKIN"
THREE TABLETS OF KNIGHT'S CASTILE SOAP
AND FOR ME, TOO

You can share Edna's secret!

You can prevent "Tired Skin" from ruining your complexion. Knight's Castile is specially made to counteract the ageing effect of smoke-laden air and stuffy indoor atmospheres on the skin. The rare oils which it contains nourish and revive the delicate skin glands, restoring lost loveliness and keeping the complexion fresh, smooth and ever youthful.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED KC 133-364

SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

Amazing "SLUMS MUST GO" Scandal

Lord Mayor Binns and his Manchester Corporation must see that justice is done

A GROUP of shopkeepers, and people with small businesses, in two large Northern areas are faced with ruin.

Their pleas for justice to politicians and their demands for consideration from the hard-headed aldermen and councillors have proved unavailing.

They are being crushed out of existence by the steamroller of improvement schemes which affect the Collyhurst and Hulme districts of Manchester, where sections of shop and house property have been marked down for demolition at an early date.

We are not so much concerned with the property-owner, who, although he may be hardly hit, has at least the Property Owners' Association or some similar organisation to fight for his interests.

But we are appalled by the hardships which will be inflicted on small shopkeepers and business people who, within the next few months, will have their little concerns blotted out of existence when the demolition work begins.

Typical of many similar cases of hardship is that of a newsagent in the Collyhurst district.

Three years ago he bought the goodwill of the business for £500. Since then he has spent over £250 in improving the shop.

Practically the whole of this man's savings have been sunk in this business, which is just beginning to prosper

The bombshell

Now comes the news that his shop lies in the area that has been marked down for clearance. There is no question of alternative accommodation or of compensation.

The shop will be pulled down and this man and his family will lose not only the whole of their savings, which have been invested in the shop, but also their only means of livelihood.

"All I can do is to spend sleepless nights worrying over this disaster that has overtaken us—and that doesn't help," bemoans this victim of progress.

Not far away is a double-fronted shop devoted to the sale of women's wear.

It has meant years of hard work to build up this business. Apart from the considerable sum paid for the goodwill, about £1,500 had been spent on structural alterations during the past two years.

Less than twelve months ago the Manchester Corporation officials approved further alterations and more money was spent by the shopkeeper for this purpose.

Now the bombshell in the shape of a notice to the effect that the premises are in the area that has to be demolished during the next few months.

Thus another family is faced with complete ruin, and the business built up steadily through the past years will be destroyed in a day.

Again there is no question of compensation. The wheels of progress grind on, and they grind exceeding small.

Another typical case of hardship is that of a crippled cobbler at Collyhurst, who has a small shop and has for years past made a modest living mending shoes for people in the district.

This man's shop will be demolished with other property in the area, and this will mean the destruction of his hope of earning a living. So progress is made along a pathway of tears and bitterness.

There is despair in the eyes of these victims of an improvement scheme which seems so excellent on paper.

These people have no money to employ lawyers to fight for them, even if there were any possibility of compensation.

Even the landlords themselves are hardly hit, and although they are entitled to small compensation based on the general clearance area rate, which has no real comparison with the real value of the land, they too stand to lose heavily in the cause of progress.

This applies particularly to old people who have been able to live modestly on the rentals coming in from a few houses which they own.

Smashed businesses

In these cases the landlord has actually to pay the cost of demolition of each house, which averages between £30 and £40.

Turning to the Hulme district, it is at once evident that the Manchester Corporation has rendered itself liable to serious criticism.

When it was pressed by the Government to provide employment for the army of workless, the idea was conceived of making a new arterial road through the Hulme area.

Such a scheme, however, would have involved the payment of full compensation for houses and land falling within its scope, and for any businesses disturbed.

Realising this, the authorities apparently decided to take advantage of the Slum Clearance scheme under the Housing Act of 1930.

So a section of the Hulme district is now to be cleared at practically no cost to the Corporation, and for this purpose has been declared a "slum area."

As in Collyhurst, so in Hulme. The chief sufferers are the owners of small businesses who have invested their hard-won savings in buying the goodwill of small shops, and have by perseverance managed to make a living out of them.

Now these businesses will crash in ruin as the housebreakers demolish the premises.

In a small street in Hulme there is a widow who invested the whole of her small savings in the goodwill of a small general shop.

She will lose her little business and she will get no compensation.

Her only means of livelihood will be destroyed.

Another young woman invested her all in a small confectioner's shop. She is similarly facing ruin. Without parents or relatives to depend on, this young woman is now harassed by fears about the future.

In these two areas there are countless cases of appalling hardship. The victims are helpless and suffer from such injustice as appears impossible in a civilised country.

The just way

They are being dispossessed of everything

Progress is desirable, but such cases of hardship and injustice as have been mentioned should become the immediate concern of the Manchester Corporation and of the Government.

Obviously progress should not entail the ruin of people with small businesses whose premises happen to be situated in the areas which have been marked down for clearance.

In this connection there is a growing demand for fair play, and it has rightly been suggested that the Government should amend the Housing Act of 1930 so as to secure:—

(1) That no person shall be subjected to any loss or penalty under the Act otherwise than by an order of a Court of Law, and

(2) That in the absence of such an order any person sustaining loss by operation of the Act shall be entitled to claim compensation to be assessed by an independent tribunal.

Such amendment of the existing law would be a step towards justice for such victims of progress as those whose plight has been mentioned.

How the Golden "Bullets" are Found

IN the heart of London there works a boy with a job in a million. On almost every Friday in the year, usually at noon, he must sprint to a post office near Long Acre with a telegram destined to change the whole life of the recipient.

One recent week the message he bore told a hard-working London clerk that an end to all anxiety was coming in the shape of £3,000 and a £1,000 Life Assurance Policy. Another week it enquired of a Liverpool dock worker whether he would prefer £4,000 and a Pension of £2 a Week for Life or £1,000 and £10 a Week for Life!

It is the human side of all great organisations which interests me most, writes a JOHN BULL representative. And when I toured the *Bullets* Department of JOHN BULL, a point which struck me forcibly was that a typical London boy is here a bearer of the most thrilling news one could imagine.

But there are other aspects of this Department just as interesting as that.

* * *

"Here are the judges," whispered the Competition Editor.

I watched them in silence for a moment, noticing with what care they examined every coupon.

These judges are all consulted before the final allocation of prizes, I found. But their daily work is merely to pick out the meritorious entries. Even then their commendations have to be endorsed by other judges.

The actual winning *Bullets*, I learnt, are chosen at conferences at which they are discussed at length.

* * *

I chatted with one of these men who weigh up your case in the *Bullets* court.

The boy who changes their lives

"These coupons are straws that show the way the wind of public opinion is blowing," he said.

"We knew the last Government was going to fall, long before Mr. Baldwin realised it. And I could tell you what people think about the present Government—but I won't!"

* * *

I spoke next to the man who provides the *Examples*.

He seeks *Examples* that will be a spur to the brain of competitors.

The biggest jokes in his life, he told me, were the unexpected thoughts which occur to competitors.

For instance, there was the *Bullet* BALDWIN'S PROBLEM — WHERE WIFE HIDES MATCHES. And it won a First Prize for its sender, who had never entered before.

* * *

What type of effort, I asked the Competition Editor, makes a prize-winner?

"There is no one type," he said. "They arise from the mind of the average man or woman as it reacts to the world. Things they have noticed, joys they have known, advice they have proved, opinions they hold or hear.

"So you maintain that there is probably a prize-winning *Bullet* in everybody?" I suggested.

"Not one, but many," was his reply.

* * *

But test his statement for yourself. With £12 a Week for Life or £5,000 cash to be won for a few words in the *Bullets* pages this week, now is the time!

A Monstrous "Black Ivory" Traffic that Must Stop

BRITISH SUBJECTS SOLD as SLAVES

WHO is conniving at the clandestine traffic in cargoes of "Black Ivory"—five thousand African men, women, and even children, many of them *British subjects*, torn *each year* from lonely villages under the flag that, we proudly boast, no slave can exist under for one day?

It was done last year, right under the noses of the British authorities in the Red Sea and other regions. It will be done again this year, unless adequate measures are taken to stop, once and for all, this infamous traffic in human lives.

And it is exactly one hundred and one years since we in Britain paid millions to free the slaves in British dominions!

A British mercantile marine officer was, a few months ago, passing in his ship through the Red Sea, when he and the crew were startled to hear heartrending cries coming from a swift Arab dhow.

Close up to the dhow, they were horrified to see that she was packed from end to end of her open waist with negroes fettered by the ankles. Twenty rows of them, about fourteen abreast, or about three hundred poor wretches in all, were shouting in terror. He commented grimly on the incident:

"In August of 1933, here is a slave ship engaged in actual business! What a challenge to our much-vaunted civilisation and humanity! Off she went like a startled deer for her 'market' on the Arabian coast, where her live cargo would be auctioned and dispersed all over the face of the desert."

Shameful connivance

Now, let it be said at once that this traffic could not go on for a day longer were it not winked at by the colonial officers of one of the very European Powers whose own history is full of struggles against social slavery in all its forms.

Moreover, since British subjects are numbered among the victims we cannot shut our eyes to what is going on in the Red Sea and on the African littoral to-day.

This Black Ivory traffic is to-day conducted not only by Arabs and members of a tribe known as the "Black Eysa," whose territory lies very close to the south-western shores of the Red Sea, but by a cosmopolitan horde of renegade British, French and Italian adventurers.

Their methods are to swoop down on some unfortunate people living on the frontiers of the British Empire—in Kenya Colony, Uganda and Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as well as in other places not in the British African Empire.

They are armed with the latest modern rifles and have not the slightest compunction about using them against any who resist their nefarious business.

The villages go up in flames and smoke, and the luckless negroes—men, women and children—are yoked together, and in chain gangs of misery driven off by these ruffians wielding heavy hide whips, along secret mountain trails, across burning desert and through hidden passes in the hills, leading down to the hot, sun-baked plains.

Day after day the poor wretches are driven on, till they stagger into white-walled enclosures guarded by fierce tribesmen from the borders of Abyssinia.

The captives are not all of the strongest physique, and *no one knows how many women and children die by the way on these infamous trails*, although there are ugly rumours in certain coast ports on the Red Sea shores.

Night bird's call

When night comes down on the dark African bush, the slaver, having had word from his well-organised spy service that no British war sloop is lurking in the offing, herds his black cargo into a "sanbuk" with an immense sail.

She slips her moorings, as the mournful call sign comes—generally a call imitating that of some African night bird—and by dawn has landed the slaves in a wild territory back of Perim Island, the British naval port, which is separated by a short passage from the Arabian mainland.

Even if the warships got on her track their speed is only a knot above that of the best Arabian dhow—which, with the wind behind her, can sail at fifteen knots an hour—and they cannot follow her among the reefs off shore, where sometimes the slaves are transhipped into smaller craft.

But the point to note is that these slavers sail from *French territory*. They operate from two ports—Obok and Tadjoura, in French Somaliland. It is for France to put the screw on her colonial servants in that region and to enquire how it is that these slave ships yearly sail from ports under her control and in defiance of the international law and agreements, which are as binding upon France as upon any other great and civilised nation.

Great Britain, at one time, and not long ago, maintained a number of steam sloops of the Flower class—among them H.M.S. *Dahlia*—in the Red Sea anti-slave patrol, and about two years ago added to the fleet the new oil-burner H.M.S. *Folkestone*.

But something seems recently to have happened to this patrol, for to-day there are no more than two small British sloops of war, at Perim, to police these slaver-infested waters and shores!

These two ships—H.M.S. *Penzance* and H.M.S. *Hastings*—are armed with two 4-in. guns, but it is obviously impossible for them properly to police a stretch of water about 500 to 600 miles long and 180 miles wide at one part where the slave dhows make their runs.

There are also two Italian sloops and one French sloop dealing with the running o' the slaves, but if one is asked whether the international patrol is effective in checking the slavers, the answer is: "Emphatically no!" In fact, the pretence of doing so is ridiculous, not because the naval men concerned do not do their best, but because of the utter

Captives in an Abyssinian slave market.

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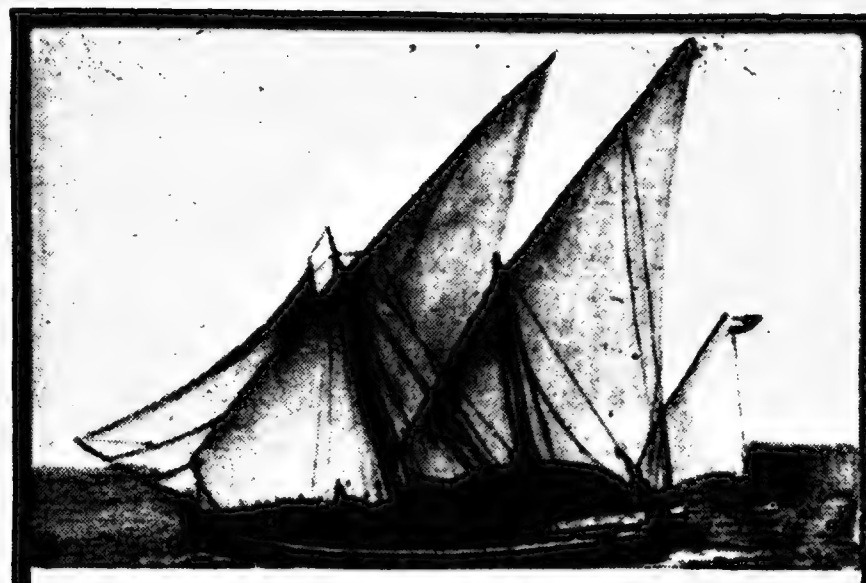

An Arabian slave dhow which bears its human cargo from the territory about Obok to the Arabian coast. Often the greater part of the captives perish during the voyage. The lower portion of this map shows you the province of the slave trade.

inadequacy of the means at their disposal.

It would really be better to maintain no anti-slave patrol at all than to give the impression that we care so little about the real suppression of slave-running, that almost any old ship will do for the job.

Naval men themselves say that nothing but the most modern and well-equipped of motor launches, such as British engineering firms have sent to the Canton delta, for the Chinese navy, will do any good in these narrow and reef-sown waters, where the slave traffic is at its worst.

As things now stand, the Arab slavers, with their spies, simply laugh at the British patrol, and land 500 slaves at a time—many of them, as has been said, British subjects—at wild places which are only a comparatively short distance from our naval port on the island of Perim, almost opposite Obok (as may be seen by glancing at the map of the Red Sea and North-East Africa).

Fired villages

It is said that the Arab buyers—at the slave-markets at Mecca, Naif, and towns in the Hashimite territories—treat their slaves well. Naturally! If a man buys a horse for use, he would be insane to treat it cruelly or to starve it.

But we must not blind ourselves to the painful fact that British subjects—grown men and women, and even little children—are torn from their homes in British territory, their villages set in flames, and themselves harried and driven across hundreds of miles of desolate and burning wastes for the enrichment of a gang of Arab ruffians and other cosmopolitan scum of the European nations.

We say that "Britons, never, never shall be slaves," and it is therefore our bounden duty to make the slaver's nefarious business such a dangerous and unprofitable occupation that he will turn his undoubted abilities in some more lawful direction.

We cannot protect our own subjects, even, by maintaining a farcical anti-slave patrol of two small sloops.

A British naval officer has declared:

"Our present patrol is absurd. We seldom or never intercept an Arab dhow, let alone capture one, and we cannot fire at an escaping rapscallion close in to the shallows and reefs of the Arabian shore. One shell which hit would kill these poor black wretches, chained to their banks, like old galley slaves of the Barbary pirate days."

And Lord Cecil of Chelwood recently stated: "Some parts of Africa can hardly be cultivated to-day because of depopulation caused by massacres and abandonment by harassed people."

It is said that no fewer than forty thousand rifles were, between January and May, 1932, smuggled into Abyssinia for the use of slave raiders who laugh at edicts by the Emperor Ras Tafari. He is far from being a "Conquering Lion of Judah" where raiders who live on the wild frontiers of his dominions are concerned.

Emperor thought—

Lord Noel Buxton told a story, recently, in London, which sheds a lurid light on this traffic with British slaves:

"The Emperor of Abyssinia was indignant when we told him that his people raided into British territory and took away men and women. He said: 'But I have stamped all that out!' Yet, a week later, the largest raid that has happened took place in British Sudan—seventeen men were killed and forty-eight children and nineteen women carried off."

Occasionally, one of the unfortunate slaves escapes from his captors.

In Jeddah, the Arabian Red Sea port for the Mohammedan pilgrim traffic to the holy places and Mecca, a slave has been known to escape from a slave-market, and run for refuge to a foreign consulate. This item from Supplementary Estimates submitted to the House of Commons, in July, 1930, is concerned with such escapes: "£2 7s. 4d., charges in connection with the repatriation of slaves."

The officer of the watch on board the P. & O. liner *Nankin* recently sighted a dug-out with a man in it, who was trying to reach the liner in the Red Sea. The liner stopped and put out a boat, which picked up a poor wretch who was half-blind and had no water.

The man was taken to Aden, where the police found that he had escaped from an Arab dhow, on which he had been held as a slave. He said he had been four days at sea trying to make the shore, and that four other slaves were aboard the dhow. The dug-out was only four inches above the water, and had a storm come on the escaped slave would have been doomed.

Sir Joseph Byrne, Governor - General of Kenya, in 1932, sent two companies of King's African Rifles to the rescue of the luckless Gabbra natives, who had 150 men killed in a slave raid by a lawless band of Abyssinians.

Consider this curious fact about the Gabbras: their women had the reputation of being the prettiest natives in Africa, but so often did Arab raiders come down on their villages that at last the chiefs ordered the women to distort their lips till they became as large as huge calabashes.

It was hoped that the raiders would then find it unprofitable to seize "duckbilled women" for Arab harems!

The African slaves, before shipment in the dhows, are confined in solitary houses well away from villages, and are surrounded by a tall thorn hedge, or *zariba*. A guard of wild Danakil tribesmen—still unmastered by Emperor Ras Tafari's Ethiopians—armed with spears and rifles, are vigilant to see that no "unauthorised" person approaches these dens.

Not long ago the Emperor of Abyssinia opened a school for freed slaves, sold about £10,000 worth of old elephant ivory from palace stores to finance the reforms, and assured the Anti-Slavery Society in London that, by 1952 at the latest, there would be no slaves in his wild dominions, in which chattel slavery is an accepted fact.

In chains

Indeed, Abyssinian villagers will not stray beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their homes lest they be seized by *shiftas*, or bandits, and forced to slave in their captor's fields until ransomed! Moreover, a debtor is chained to his creditor until he or she has paid off a debt.

In May, 1932, Abyssinian tribesmen stole across the frontier with Ethiopian police, attacked a village in the British Sudan, and killed eight Sudanese. This was actually the second raid that year, and in each case British subjects—men, women and children—were carried off into slavery.

While the British authorities were still negotiating for the return of captured British women subjects, and for compensation with punishment, came the news that another large party of Abyssinian "Watawits" had yet again raided across the border into British territory, and abducted more British men and women, who, they said, were hereditary Ethiopian serfs that had sought freedom in British territory.

And this audacious raid was followed by a *fourth*, in which two Ethiopians, with Abyssinian police, abducted four women slaves who had fled into British territory!

Four raids in one year into British territory!

Sir John Simon, for the British Foreign Office, protested, and Emperor Ras Tafari once more promised reparation, but his writ hardly runs among these turbulent vassal chieftains on his borders, who laugh at his edicts "freeing the slaves."

Stolen children

"A healthy child is worth three guns," says one investigator of this shameful traffic, and Mr. John H. Harris, of the Anti-Slavery Society, who has personally investigated the Red Sea slave traffic, recently said: "Deals in slaves are made with rifles as the price. Most of the stolen children, from villages which are pillaged and razed to the ground, are taken to the Red Sea littoral and sent across to Arabia to be sold as ordinary merchandise."

Once more we would point out that these stolen children are *British*-African subjects!

The British authorities in the Sudan are worried about these raids and the ineffectiveness of their anti-slavery patrol; and they recently petitioned the home authorities for aeroplanes in which to chase slavers, who are soon beyond the reach of the ordinary flying column.

The Foreign Office itself a few months back issued a report in which it admitted that: "It is impossible to bring these raiders to book and to secure the restoration of their (British) captives. Yet their names are known."

We can only say that is a staggering confession of a state of impotence which should no longer be tolerated.

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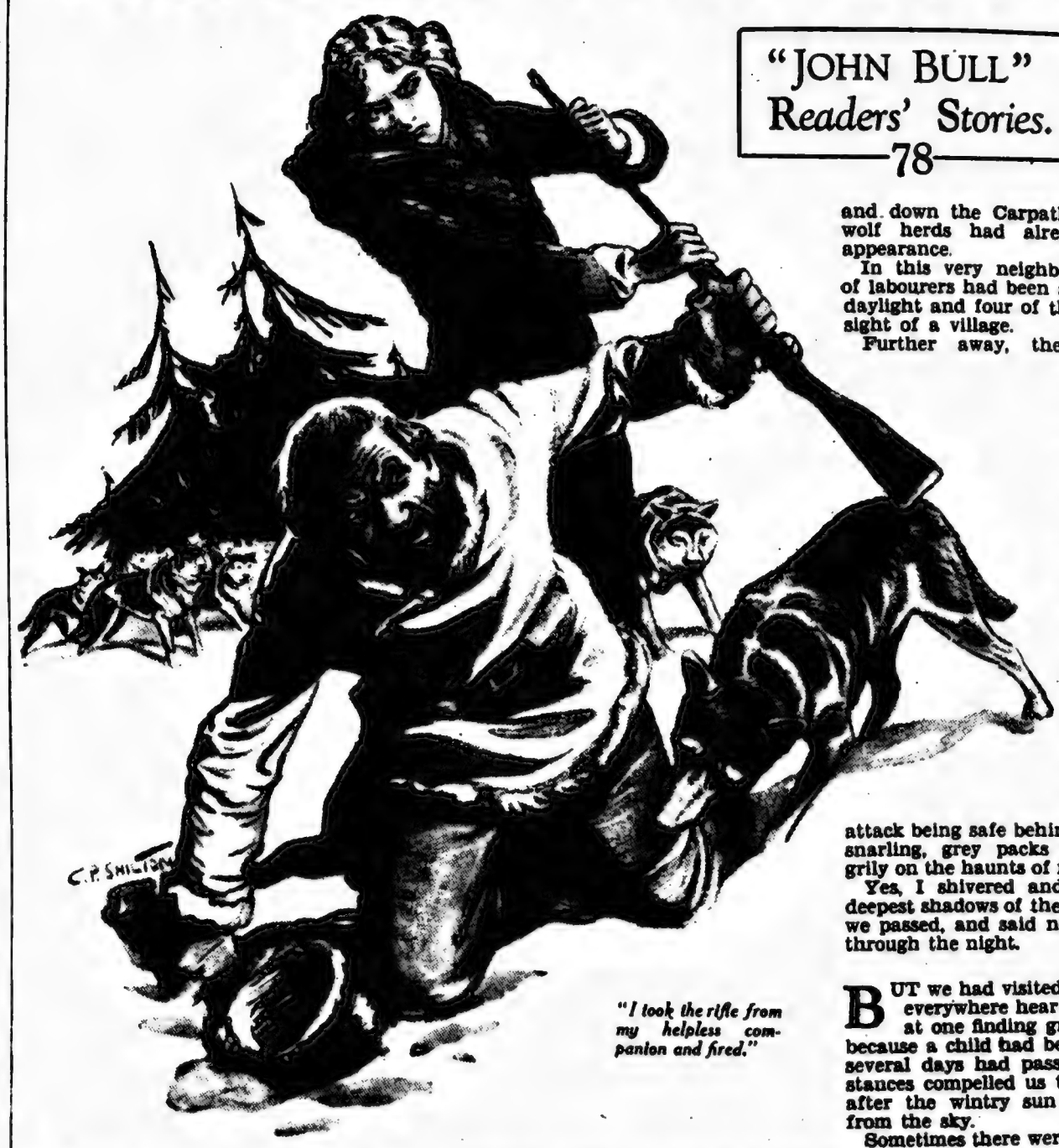

"I took the rifle from my helpless companion and fired."

I AM a commercial buyer, a diligent member of a profession that sounds thoroughly dull. And the articles I buy are toys. That sounds duller still. Couple this job of mine with the fact that I am a woman, and adventure or peril may seem the very last thing likely to come into my life!

But my occupation is unusual in that it takes me into queer places. I buy those hand-painted, hand-carved, peasant-made Roumanian toys that are so popular at the present time, and hence I spend a good six months of my year going from village to village in the Balkans, inspecting the homely craftsmanship of the people and giving orders when the work seems to merit them.

The order given, I have to collect the goods, sometimes by car, sometimes by a sleigh. A few weeks later the toys are on sale in English shops.

Not long ago, you may remember, there was a fashionable craze for handmade toys, with the result that a well-known London store commissioned me to obtain special supplies from my usual sources in Eastern Europe.

ROUMANIA, in the winter, is apt to be a none-too-pleasant place, snow and bitter cold isolating the villages and bringing wolves down from the mountains in quest of food.

But business is business, and so mid-November found me setting out from Jassy to Chevan by train, and from Chevan by sleigh, to tour the outlying villages.

Sitting snug in a bearskin beside my customary driver, Stefan, with a wind from the steppes whipping my face, and the steady grind of the sleigh with the crunch of the hoofs of the two grey horses in the snow as the only sounds, I wondered whether the brevity of these winter days would enable me to carry through all the business I desired to transact.

I proposed to Stefan the probability of evening drives, and urged that, instead of ceasing every day at four o'clock, we should continue through the darkness until six. But he refused.

"This is a wolf winter," he said, significantly.

And he told me, as we journeyed up and down the Carpathian gullies, how wolf herds had already made their appearance.

In this very neighbourhood, a party of labourers had been attacked in broad daylight and four of them killed within sight of a village.

Further away, the wicked yellow wolf eyes had glistened round the Simplon-Orient Express, as it lay snowed-up on the plains. And, being a woman, I admit that I shivered and drew still closer to the man beside me, peasant though he was.

As early as it was, we were going to have a bitter winter, and wolves were always bolder in cold weather. The sheep and cattle that they generally attack being safe behind their sheds, the snarling, grey packs look down hungrily on the haunts of men.

Yes, I shivered and looked into the deepest shadows of the birch forests that we passed, and said no more of driving through the night.

BUT we had visited several villages—everywhere hearing of wolves, and at one finding great consternation because a child had been attacked—and several days had passed, when circumstances compelled us to be on the road after the wintry sun had disappeared from the sky.

Sometimes there were shapes, but they were merely foxes hurrying away from the sleigh bells. Then the moon rose, and everywhere was frosted palest silver, the snow on the trees glittering in the light of our lamps.

Ahead of us we glimpsed the lights of our destination, a lodge on the edge of the forest, where the owner would have news of a further circuit of villages.

Lights penetrate far in this keen air, but it meant that at most we had no more than eight miles to go.

And then one of the horses suddenly

The Human Machine

The Sunny Side

THERE are two things that are non-existent in this world—pure white and pure black. There are blacks that are almost black, and whites that are so white that they are positively dazzling to the eye: but if a black was really pure black, you wouldn't see it at all: and if a white was pure white you probably couldn't bear to look at it.

Blacks and whites are really shades of grey. In other words, all white has some black in it and all black contains some white.

And the point of this is that life's like that. We never, when we have to make a decision, make a choice, sift possibilities, find ourselves faced with clear-cut blacks and whites. If we were, life would be easy.

What we are faced with all the time is endless shades of grey, some whiter than others, some blacker than the rest. That's what makes it so difficult to exercise sound judgment and arrive at valid conclusions.

That, too, is why we miss so many opportunities. We expect them to appear to us clear-cut and labelled in the plainest fashion. They don't. Life always offers us a mass of more or less blurred impressions, and leaves us to sort them out with whatever acuteness and intelligence we possess.

If you go through life expecting it all to be pure black and white, you'll meet with endless disappointments and endless setbacks. That's why so many people become pessimistic.

They expect something that isn't there, and then are bitterly upset when they fail to find it!

Life is in one sense a battle of wits—our wits against life. Clear understanding of what we are up against is half the battle.

And don't forget that a thing that may look terribly grey in the shadows may turn out to be more than a little white if you take it into the sunshine.

There's a popular song of the moment that invites us to "Come over on the Sunny Side." It's good advice—particularly when you want to sort out your shades of grey.

—by WOLVES!

ning up its head and suddenly lowered it again, and went faster, as though in terror. Stefan pursed his lips and put down a hand to see that his gun was safe beside him.

I knew what that meant! I took the spare whip and urged on the horses, but the sleigh was heavy, already laden with toys.

A few seconds later we were given unmistakable verification of our suspicions. On the wind, from somewhere behind us, came a ghastly "yowl" that made my heart beat in panic—the cry of a wolf.

The horses were racing in panic now and the light ahead was not to be seen. We were down in a hollow, not knowing for certain, at that furious speed, whether we were heading straight or no.

PRESENTLY the pungent odour of the galloping horses became very strong and I saw in Stefan's eyes confirmation of my surmise.

The wind that had brought us the long, wailing cry over the snow had veered round and was carrying not only the horses' scent, but also our own, betraying us to the wolves just as their hour for hunting had come.

The wolves soon gave answer to the signal we had unwittingly made. Wail after wail sounded across the wastes, making my heart leap.

There was no mistaking that wolf language. They had the scent and were already after us with that dreadful loping, unfailing stride that could go on, without spurts or lessening of speed, for mile after mile.

The hunt was up. I prayed. I pushed at the bales of toys, tipping them over the side of the sleigh in order to lighten our load.

Stefan, whipping on the horses, looked straight ahead, and momentarily I admired his courage. Then, abruptly, he said, "Here, take the reins!" and seized his gun.

I looked over my shoulder in the direction his eyes were now taking, and saw the wolves streaming over the ridge into the hollow, an army of menace.

FRENZIEDLY the horses raced. As the wolves, running close together, reached the edge of the hollow, we were half-way up the furthest slopes. The oncoming horde was gaining.

And then the worst thing that could have occurred happened. No harness could long have withstood the strain of that rush of flight, and here was no exception. Something snapped. The horses broke free. Upwards they ran, leaving us stationary.

"Run for your life!" shouted Stefan.

I heard the report of his rifle. I heard a scream rise from the pack. With my breath coming in whistling gasps I looked round as I tore madly forward, and saw the wolves bunched in a crowd, apparently fighting amongst themselves.

"Stefan! Come on!"

He was with me then, his breath sobbing through his beard, and desperately we floundered through the snow. The top of the rise was our only chance. Even that was a slim one. Stefan had ammunition in his belt. When it gave out, or if we could not keep the wolves at bay. . .

Again Stefan fired and again we heard that snarling yell in answer to our riflecrack. And simultaneously, of our own accord, we both yelled. If they heard us at the lodge or if the horses reached them, there might be hope.

But the wolves had crossed the hollow. They were advancing upwards. Stefan wheeled and fired once more. One shot. Two. Then we scrambled on again. We reached the crest of the rise. We turned . . . and stood As Stefan fired I tore fresh ammunition from his belt.

THE pack did not waver! It came on. It had tasted blood. Swiftly and steadily the wolves raced up to our vantage ground, and for an instant then broke and wavered as we faced them steadily.

So might the sea recoil from a rock before rushing onwards with renewed force, and so might two souls on the rock have eyed the sea.

All the savagery of the mountains, all the misery of the howling wind seemed to take shape and substance in that threatening band with their white fangs and cruel, greenish glaring eyes.

"I'll shoot the she-wolf!" I heard Stefan mutter. The rifle spoke and a wolf fell, but the leader led them on.

We had not detected a flank movement of our enemies, one creeping round to take us from behind. It rushed in without a sound, that shaggy thing, and pinned Stefan behind the knee joint. I had seen her come and struck wildly at her with my hands I tore the rifle from my helpless companion and fired.

The wolf fell back, but in the diversion the others had sneaked up.

Then it was all teeth and eyes—and tooth and nail as we struggled for dear life, I kicking and striking out barehanded, Stefan steadily firing once more as fast as he could I remember that something dragged me away from him.

Then I heard a gasp, and after that silence, followed by a grunt from Stefan. He was there beside me, and we faced that circle of eyes. It was a lull.

The pack had retreated, to watch for a moment and then to come on again with renewed—and final—victory

It was with them a battle between prudence and hunger They knew that some of their fellows were dead, that neighbouring wolves yelped and were still whenever that flame spat, as it at this instant spat again.

IT came suddenly, that rush. As suddenly we heard a roar of "Lie down!" As abruptly we obeyed, while rifles cracked over us. Not before I had been wounded in the arm, however, not before Stefan had given a queer and frightening cry of pain.

But we were not to die, for after a brief hesitation the wolves were on the run. Rifle fire cracked over our heads and I prayed as I had never prayed.

Then someone picked me up, and I managed to gasp out, "My driver" before I faded right out of consciousness.

When I recovered a little the moon was out, a splint was being improvised for my arm, and not a wolf was in sight. Only the snow all about us trampled by their feet, and far away on the horizon of the first ridge three specks fading into space.

The next day, though I had a deep scratch along my back and my arm throbbed horribly, I was able to drive out to the scene of the conflict.

We had accounted for a good nine wolves, while trails of blood told us that more had been wounded. Most astounding of all was a wolf near the top of the slope that had simply been throttled by Stefan's bare hands.

Poor, brave Stefan! He was so badly mauled that he could not be moved for a fortnight, and then complications set in which made him an invalid through the better part of a year.

But—thanks to him!—I delivered my toys.

The Greatest of These—" Fund

"Come Inside . . ."

"VERY poor and needy, and deserving of any help you may be able to give," is how five-year-old Sidney's father was introduced to us.

Sidney's ex-Service dad has been so long out of work that his unemployment pay is exhausted He spent four-teen months in a training centre to enable his wife and children to receive 30s. a week from the Public Assistance Committee. He was then given work on the roads, and when that ceased, and he applied for relief for his family, offering to go again to the training centre, he was told to "Come inside."

This sounds a nice, hospitable invitation. What it really amounts to is that Sidney's dad was asked to smash up his home and take himself, wife and four children to the workhouse.

Sidney's parents have already suffered separation in the family circle, as one of the children has just returned from hospital, and the baby is now on the danger list in an isolation hospital.

"My wife," said Sidney's father, "is breaking down on account of the baby. We were at the hospital until 11.30 last night, and he gave up all hopes."

Does Sidney's father look for work? "My name has been down for five months for road work," he told us. "I get up at 6.30 to look for work. I beg a penny off my sister for a paper to look at the advertisements. I don't go home until the evening when it is no good looking for work as there is nothing doing."

Sidney

"My eldest girl, aged 13," he told us "had to stop at home from school this afternoon because it was wet and there was a big hole in her shoe."

The children are given free meals at school, while their parents, who look half-starved, exist on a scanty supply of "bread and marg."

Pending a job on the roads, the only way Sidney's dad could earn a living is by hawking. But he has no stock We shall be very grateful if our readers will send their Lent savings and their Easter offerings to the Fund, which will make their Easter eggs taste the sweeter and their Easter bells ring more joyfully.

All donations earmarked for "Sidney," or for the Fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2. Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When more than one reader sends the same "Slip," prize will be awarded to the first one opened.

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Men will be seen precariously walking the greasy POLICY."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Fireman —— was fighting the blaze when suddenly a powerful stream of water from another man's HOME struck him."

ALLOA JOURNAL:—"—— and his brother were DULLY 'handed over' to their grandmother."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"—— then robbed the safe and the till and bought some PAIN to do some work."

THE SPORTING MAN:—"Amid cheers and BOOTS, he was counted out."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"I walked through ——'s yard to the accompaniment of unmusical cawing from ROOKS."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The owner, a wealthy, childless BACHELOR, would screw the last penny out of me."

GLAMORGAN ADVERTISER:—"Dishes such as jugged HAIR which lose much of the richness of their flavour without port."

WIGAN OBSERVER AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER:—"They killed him in cop blood."

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Butto'ph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Catalogue, Price Lists, folders, Stationery, Balance Sheets, Dup. Books, Magazines, etc Samps. 2d.—Mead & Son (60), Sandy.

BUYING A BUSINESS.—Invaluable advice on every point by a leading Transfer Agent is given in this week's "EXCHANGE & MART," on sale NOW. 2d. of newsagents or 3d. post free.—J. B. Burt 4 Greville Street E.C.1.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, Drum Outfits. Wonderful 1934 catalogue 44 pages free.—Terms. OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B. 5 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

BUY YOUR PIANO-ACCORDION from Messrs. Moderns and pay while you play. The Instrument advertised on p. 3 can be secured for 5/- with order.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No jumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenburys" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample. — Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

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VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Valenecose" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that awful pain and itching for good at first application. Sent under No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

NERVOUSNESS. — If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves."—Mr. Rivers (J.B.6), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

TO Catarrh Sufferers. A remarkable offer appears on page 14. Fill in the coupon and post now. It costs you nothing.

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS should not overlook the announcement on the Back Cover.

LIVERISH, or feeling seedy? Turn to the Carter's advt. on p. 33.

A FREE SUPPLY of "Magic" Brand 3-fold Treatment for Piles is offered in advt. on p. 30.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St. London, W.1.

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ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

FREE.—A de luxe beauty outfit of Tokalon Toilet Preparations. Turn to the offer on p. 28.

PURE Beer easily made at home! Turn to the "Vigormalt" advt. on p. 33. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

Other Small Ads. on page facing.

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH!

Through heavy smoking his dentures became black, until—

"I resolved to give Milton a trial . . . it removed every stain"

J. F. B., TUNBRIDGE WELLS, WRITES:

"Milton is all that it claims for artificial teeth; being a heavy smoker my dentures became black, I used every known dentifrice but failed to remove same.

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MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH!

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"I am delighted with Milton. I have never been able to clean my denture plates to any satisfaction and have been greatly worried in consequence. Now that I am using your wonderful Milton, I have no trouble at all. It is a perfect cleanser."

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH!

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* **Philip Inman**

WIFE with a Hidden DEBT

The tragedy of the empty purse: she must keep her secret no longer

IT was an old-time writer who said: "The love of money is the root of all evil." If he had been living to-day, I think he might have changed that word "love" to "lack."

Many people in these days have a hard fight to make both ends meet. That is why a great number of the troubles submitted to me have to do with money matters.

Letters come from people who are in financial difficulties because they have not realised that it is easier to order a thing than to pay for it. Either extravagance or unjustified optimism has placed them in that position.

Other letters come from those who have fallen into debt through no fault of their own. Illness or misfortune has brought them to that pass.

Still a third kind of letter is sent to me from people who are thinking of launching out on a new venture. They have managed to save a little money, but "It is not quite sufficient," they say. Would they be justified in borrowing the balance? Let me quote some typical cases.

* * *

"I have been married nearly eight years," writes one correspondent, "and have three children, two boys and a girl. My husband is in regular work and is earning good wages.

"Unfortunately, the whole of our married life has been spoilt by his jealousy. I have tried every way to smooth this out, and have stopped friends and even tradesmen calling at the house.

"My second child, a boy, was born five years ago, and for three years my husband would take no notice of him. Now he worships this child, but has taken a violent dislike to the youngest, also a boy, who is now three and a half.

"Ever since he was born I have had to clothe him out of the small allowance I get for housekeeping, and, although I have approached my husband many times, I have had to buy new clothes recently for him and for the other children as well. I have only been able to do this by letting my weekly grocery bill run on unpaid, and I now find myself in debt for £4 13s.

"Unfortunately, I owe the money to the firm for which my husband works, and would not like this debt to damage his prospects. I am sorely tempted to borrow from somebody else, but for the knowledge that it would only put me further behind.

"Yet, if I tell my husband, it would simply lead to a quarrel, and I know he would accuse me of being extravagant."

* * *

AND this woman encloses with her letter a complete list, showing how the money has been spent on absolute essentials for the family.

My advice to her is very simple. Quarrel or no quarrel, she should tell her husband about this debt and exactly how she came to contract it. Until she has done this there is always the risk of his hearing of it from someone else.

And as this money is owing to the firm for which he works, it would be a bigger blow if he were to learn of it first of all from them.

The only other way, as she says, is by borrowing. But she could only raise a loan from a friend or a money-lender. It is rarely satisfactory to borrow from a friend. If she found it difficult to keep her promise as to repayment, she would not only estrange that friend, but, in all likelihood, find that her husband had been told what had happened.

By going to a money-lender, the position would be even worse, for, if she is finding it almost impossible to liquidate her present liability, how would she be able to do it with interest added on?

There is nothing left for her but to tell her husband. If she is as frank with him as she has been with me, he cannot help seeing that there is no extravagance on her side.

The statement of how she spends her weekly housekeeping money is a very reasonable one, and there does not seem to be any margin left. Otherwise, she might have arranged to pay that account by so much each week until the whole amount had been completely wiped out.

She has obviously done her best with the money given to her, and she cannot be held responsible for something that is not her fault.

My next correspondent is also a woman. She tells me that she has been married for thirteen years and that they have two children, aged ten and twelve.

* * *

"UP to a year ago," the letter continues, "my husband was very good to me. Now he does not study me at all. We have a small business, which was doing very well until a little time ago, when, owing to bad trade, we fell into debt.

"Then, quite by accident, we met a married woman ten years older than my husband, who very kindly offered to lend us the necessary capital to carry on.

"I now think we were very foolish to accept this loan, for, ever since, my husband has been seeing a good deal of this woman, and I am left alone night after night.

"He assures me that it is all to do with the business and that there is nothing wrong. When things get better, he says, and we can pay off the loan, everything will come right again.

"But I have found out, from what people say, that he has been telling me a lot of lies, and this makes me think that our once happy marriage is heading for disaster. Lately, in consequence, we have had nothing but rows."

This correspondent certainly has every reason to complain of her husband's frequent absences from home. But, supposing she has a "first-class row" with him, what then? Is it not possible that, if there is any infatuation on his part for that other woman, it may lead to him going off altogether with her?

If she had any real grounds for her suspicions, it would be different. But has she? "From what people say," she writes, "my husband has been telling me a lot of lies."

Has her husband had a chance of disproving those statements? There are far too many people about who take a delight in making mischief between man and wife.

This husband assures his wife that there is nothing wrong between him and this other woman. In the absence of any definite proof of guilt, she must accept that word. It is galling, I know, for her to feel that he is spending his time in another woman's society. But he tells her that he is doing it simply because he feels under an obligation to her for lending him the money.

The best advice I can give my correspondent, therefore, is that she should assist him in every way she can, so that the debt may be repaid as early as possible. By this means that obligation would disappear and the way be paved for a resumption of the old happy relationship.

My next letter comes from a young man, and this is what he says:

"Sir, if you were unemployed, as I am, and had the opportunity of borrowing twenty pounds, as I have, what line of business would you advise?

"I have a good-natured relation who would lend me this sum, and I have some experience in the newsagent's line, although I would strike out in any other direction if it appeared to offer better scope.

"I am twenty-nine years old, single, and have been out of work for such a long time that I am completely fed up. Should I, in your opinion, be justified in taking the risk and accepting the loan of this money?"

* * *

IF my correspondent is given a free hand with this loan, I think he would be justified in going ahead.

He could start in a small way, preferably by purchasing a second-hand hut or renting cheap premises, if possible, in a growing neighbourhood.

Let me impress upon him that it is not going to be easy. He will have to work hard and watch the expenditure of every penny. But there is an old proverb—and a very true one—that difficulties give way before determined people.

From his letter, I believe this young man has grit enough to enable him to win through. He should, in my judgment, therefore, accept gratefully the offer of the loan made to him.

In giving advice to all my correspondents, I always ask myself—What alternatives are there?

In the case of this young man, I can see none. He is nearly thirty, has been unemployed for a long time, and he confesses that his prolonged idleness has greatly depressed him. This offer should prove, as I believe it will, a godsend to him.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL's "Humanist" and he wants to help you solve your problem. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page

Look Out for

E 29

One of "John Bull's" Sensational Surprises for Every Reader —Coming Soon.

I say . . .
this new soap's good!
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Eve looks so expensive, smells so deliciously fragrant, and lathers so smoothly that it's hard to believe you can get so much for 2d. And it's really a good soap, made from such pure soothing oils that it does your skin all the good in the world! Milk-white and utterly mild, Eve is double wrapped to bring it to your bathroom immaculate. Try Eve to-day.

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LIKE LIQUID GLASS.

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This wonderful product is now offered to you as ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH for repainting and retouching the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and motor cars.

It is easy to use and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork or even a cellulose finish without leaving signs of laps or ugly brushmarks. The film sets free from "tack" in four hours and dries over night with a surface as smooth as plate glass, as hard and flexible as Chinese lacquer and with the same vivid beauty. It shows a stubborn resistance to weather and is immune from the effects of petrol, grease, oil and mud.

If you would like to learn more about this remarkable product for painting cycles, motor-cycles and motor cars, send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC
SYNTHETIC FINISH

(Dept. H.5), Robbialac Works, Stratford, London, E.15.

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing ... going ... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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Forty Thousand Racers the Law Winks At

SECRET SPORT Against the Clock

EASTER sees the start of Britain's most remarkable sport—remarkable because its 40,000 supporters are pledged to secrecy by written and unwritten laws.

On carefully measured courses over provincial roads, the sportsmen will be seen early each Sunday morning, when little motor traffic is about. So great is the urge for secrecy that those taking part must wear garments designed to render them as inconspicuous as possible.

Competitors and officials are informed of their meeting-place only by post, and they are instructed to prevent news of the arrangements reaching outside persons.

The roads that are used are chosen particularly for their openness, so that other road users will suffer no inconvenience. Among stretches of highway along which the sport takes place are some near York and Boroughbridge. Other popular courses are in Cheshire, the Midlands and the South.

Every detail is watched with the object of keeping the sport from public limelight, and for this reason the starting and finishing points are in lanes off the main roads wherever possible.

When, several years ago, racing on the roads of Britain became illegal, sporting cyclists interested in road racing conferred and devised a means of continuing their pastime. Previously, the races had been held on the "bunch" system. All the entrants started at the same time and the first rider completing the course was adjudged winner.

Clock fighting

When that kind of sport was no longer possible, cyclists decided to adopt a new system. Entrants to-day are sent out singly, at one-minute intervals, and they are accurately timed over a known distance of 25, 50 or 100 miles.

This plan has proved an admirable one. It avoids the dangers of bunch riding, which the regulations were intended to prevent, yet cyclists are still able to indulge in their speed duels. Instead of pitting their stamina against other cyclists riding alongside or close behind, they now race against the clock!

Each week-end in 1934, from Easter to the end of September, the sport will thrill its 40,000 adherents. So keen is the wish to keep cycle road racing a secret, however, that the spectators are even urged to restrict their cheers for their favourite riders. Last season, strong criticism of a tendency towards rowdiness at the finishing lines came from "real" sporting cyclists.

The time-keepers are often old-time racing cyclists who have never lost their interest in the sport. This year, unusually accurate timing will be necessary, for already the speeds for the various distances have been pared down by "crack" riders to almost the limit of human ability.

During recent years it has been found necessary to time the cyclists to one-fifth of a second, even over courses of 50 and 25 miles.

No money in it

To travel 25 miles in 1 hr. 5 min. is not an unusual feat for these sportsmen. The record for that distance is only 59 sec. over one hour. More than 35,000 cyclists in this country have proved that they are capable of covering 25 miles at an average speed of 20 m.p.h. or more.

Weather conditions, of course, affect the speeds, and in order to stabilise matters the courses are triangular. The routes chosen are undulating, too. They contain neither long downward slopes nor lengthy climbs.

The sport is among the "cleanest" in the world. Cash prizes are not awarded, the winners simply being given the choice of cycling accessories or other useful articles.

Many of the best riders, indeed, find that their sport costs them a considerable sum each year. As the races take place early in the morning, and the first rider is often signalled off at 7 a.m. from some quiet spot in the open country, competitors usually find it necessary to arrive the previous night and to put up at a near-by inn.

Certain small hotels in such little country towns as Wetherby, in Yorkshire, cater for these weekly gatherings of sporting cyclists, and they also provide dressing quarters for those who arrive early on the morning of the race. In addition, there are special feeding stations along the route, run by the organisers of the events, for riders taking part in the long-distance races.

Every second being precious, the competitors are handed liquid refreshment while they are actually riding. Cardboard containers are dexterously handed up by helpers who run alongside, as the riders spin past the feeding stations.

These services, and those of the time-keepers, are given without fee, and the cost of the food is covered by entrance fees ranging from 1s. to 2s. 6d.

Expense is also entailed by the special equipment which cycle racing demands.

The rivals

Occasionally on Saturday evenings you will see athletic-looking cyclists riding from the cities. Fastened alongside the front wheel of their machines are two spare wheels of very light construction. They are specially built for racing, and will be substituted for the heavier wheels of the bicycle when the starting-point of the race is reached.

Many racing cyclists also spend a considerable sum in dieting to attain physical fitness. Again, the important "open" races are attended by cyclists from a wide area—which means travelling expenses, unless the riders are willing to cycle home (perhaps more than a hundred miles away) after competing in a gruelling race.

Events held in the Midlands are often attended by cyclists from Yorkshire. Cheshire races not infrequently attract entrants from Leeds, Middlesbrough, Birmingham and Manchester.

On a few occasions each season crack cyclists from the North compete against fast riders of the South. Considerable healthy rivalry exists between these two sections of the cycle-racing world.

Until very recent years, to cover 50 miles in less than 2½ hours was considered a very fine feat. Last season the time for the distance was on several occasions brought within 2 hr. 10 min.

England's champion road-racer, a Norwood cyclist, has travelled 50 miles on the road in 2 hr. 5 min. 44 sec., and a 100 miles in only just over 4½ hours!

When it is pointed out that these times are very little in excess of the times made by some of the long-distance road coaches over the same distances, the magnitude of the feats becomes apparent.

A system of handicapping is also followed in most of the cycle races, to give newcomers a chance. Expert cyclists, armed with full details of each entrant's previous successes, perform the handicapping. The allowances may be as little as ½ min. in some cases, or as long as 10 min.

Strict rules prohibit one competitor obtaining advantage by riding behind another entrant or a faster vehicle, in order to reduce wind resistance. Although mudguards are not compulsory, each machine must be fitted with reliable brakes and a bell.

Wise precautions

Accidents are very rare, thanks to the precautions taken against interference with other road traffic. Very seldom has police action against the followers of this secret sport been found necessary.

Official action of that kind did ruin one or two important races several years ago, notably a race known as the North Roads Memorial "50."

It is, however, now generally recognised by racing cyclists that dangerous riding jeopardises their sport. Marshals are stationed at the turning points, and the rules forbid the cutting of corners.

Carried on in this way throughout the season now opening, the sport will receive little condemnation. It is providing a healthy pastime for its 40,000 youthful supporters.

Reproduced by courtesy of "Cycling"

The sun-up sportsman: darkly clad, he demonstrates his prowess when the arena is silent and deserted . . .

"A cigarette is only as good as it *tastes*, Sir *you will enjoy the* BETTER TASTE *of Kensitas*"

The one unfailing test of cigarette quality is TASTE. And so only the very finest Virginia tobaccos are chosen for Kensitas and from these *only the few choice centre leaves are used*. . . the Cream of the Crop . . . All the rest, the harsh, undeveloped top leaves ; the coarse, sandy bottom leaves, are simply not good enough for Kensitas. The choice *centre* leaves alone have the mellow-mild, satisfying flavour that is found in Kensitas. That's why Kensitas TASTE better !

Kensitas

They're Mild . . . They Satisfy . . . They Taste Better

NOT the top leaves—*they're under-developed—they are harsh!*

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and always sandy!*

MY EARLY MORNING ROUND STARTS OFF WITH THIS SQUARE MEAL

SAYS OUR HARDY POSTMAN

● No matter how dark and cold the mornings .... no matter how wet or foggy .... you still expect the welcome rat-tat that the Postman brings. He never lets you down, though he's out in all weathers. That is because he starts off his round on a good, square meal of Shredded Wheat. Full of the goodness of pure, whole wheat, it sustains and fortifies the system, promoting inner warmth, energy and fitness. It supplies the nicest and most nourishing of breakfasts for these treacherous days. And it is no trouble to prepare, just pour on hot milk and it is ready. Delicious and most economical. Eightpence per packet (in U.K.).

Made in ENGLAND by THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., at WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

SHREDDED WHEAT

THE WHOLE WHEAT FOOD THAT GIVES ALL-DAY ENERGY

VAPEX
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night gives comfort and protection.
2/- per bottle. All Chemists. 3/- including

Nestlé's Milk
makes
PORRIDGE
a treat

CORNS
Instantly, Safely Relieved!

Corns and Callouses Quickly Removed

You'll be foot happy ONE MINUTE after you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause of these foot troubles — shoe friction and pressure and prevent corns, sore toes, chafed heels, blisters and tender insteps; make new or tight shoes easy and safely loosen and remove corns and callouses. Get Dr. Scholl's double-acting, double value treatment at your dealer's today.

Ask for the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore backs; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE! 2/- & 3/-

In more serious Foot Troubles consult Dr. Scholl Experts.

VARICOSE VEINS

Dr. Scholl's Corrective HOSIERY gives instant relief- approved by the medical profession. Rubberless Superfine, 15/- per pair. Patented, 22/6 per pair. At Dr. Scholl Depots, etc.—or write for free self-measurement form to Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93, Regent Street, W.1.

MAN *who made* RELIGION *a* Best-Seller

WHEN midsummer comes this year the Baptist denomination of this country, with over 3,000 churches, nearly 500,000 church members, nearly 500,000 Sunday School scholars, and over 2,000 pastors, will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth, at Kelvedon, in Essex, of the man who was the great sensation of the last century.

Forty-two years ago this man, so filled with gout that friends who shook hands with him felt their fingers sinking into his puffed-up flesh, died in a Continental resort. And, as he breathed his last there passed away one of the world's "best sellers."

But his sales went on for twenty-five years or more after his death, until they reached the staggering total of 150,000,000.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon: sliding down the banisters went he to show them the way to the Devil

Week by week, for a stretch of half a century, his writings flowed out in a steady stream to the towns and villages and the hamlets. Men and women bought and kept on buying them. It was as much a habit as the buying of the Sunday dinner.

One hundred and fifty millions! An incredible figure.

The publications that climbed to this mammoth sales-point? You cannot possibly guess what they were unless you happen to be a Baptist, and then at once you will give the right answer—"Sermons."

Fought about him

Three thousand five hundred and sixty-three of them—all preached and published by Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated in June next.

Let modern publishers think of figures like those. And let modern preachers think of them, too.

Spurgeon was the big religious sensation in the middle of last century. Newspapers of the day cartooned him. He was the subject of gibing and bitter lampoons. His own Church quarrelled about him. So did all the others. He was dubbed a charlatan, a play-actor, a mountebank. Arguments about him often ended in broken friendships, and men fought at the very mention of his name.

On one occasion, when he was preaching at the old Surrey Gardens music-hall, a false alarm of fire was raised and, in the resultant panic, seven persons were killed and many injured. That gives you an idea of the turmoil Spurgeon caused—and at that time he was only twenty-two years old, the year of this unhappy tragedy being 1856.

Yet he could hold a congregation of 10,000, and often did.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle he had built in Newington Causeway—it cost £31,000 even in those days—held 6,000, and never was there a vacant seat when he was preaching.

Spurgeon's forebears were Dutch refugees. As a boy, he got a job in a school run by a Baptist, and that is how he became one himself. He was still a boy when he preached his first sermon—in a cottage near Cambridge, and by the time he was twenty he was a pastor in Southwark.

For years the congregation there had been dwindling until the chapel on Sundays was almost empty. Within twelve months of young Spurgeon's arrival it had to be enlarged. And even the new one proved too small! Then it was that the tabernacle was planned, and it was during its building that the amazing services took place in the Surrey Gardens music-hall.

The generation of to-day can have no idea of what the scenes were like. Thousands packed in at service after service. There were overflow meetings. No one hall in the country was capable of holding the multitudes that wanted to see and hear this astounding young Baptist, who had suddenly appeared in the religious firmament.

His sermons were like tongues of leaping and uncontrollable fire. His methods were new, and, to many of his elders, shocking. Once he slid down a banister-rail to illustrate how swift was the descent of a sinner into Hell. But, all the time, the crowds came and the disputations about his Gospel waxed and never waned.

He had no college training, no ordination. But he had these things: a marvellous voice, a humour which could be delicate and rollicking in turn, an uncompromising directness of speech, a fiery, but deep and unquestionable sincerity, an evangelical belief in the changing of lives, and a never-failing anchorage in "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

His theology was supposed to be execrable, and he delivered one sermon on Baptismal Regeneration (300,000 copies of it were sold) that set the whole religious world aflame.

The pith of it was that immersion was only the outward and visible sign of the inward conversion. A comprehensible enough attitude in these days perhaps, but in those surely the very height of heresy.

Spurgeon stuck to his guns, left the Evangelical Alliance, and even the Baptist Union itself. But he went on from strength to strength, until the illness which brought death to him.

If you imagine Spurgeon as a thin-faced, ascetic kill-joy, you will be entirely wrong. He liked comfort, and during the later days of his life lived in some style at Norwood. He liked food and ate great meals. And he liked wine and took it for some years until he became an abstainer. That was in the days when at Baptist functions wine was provided and a glass of port was often offered to pastors before they entered the pulpit.

The devil's cue

Suddenly he became a vegetarian, and, in this connection, a good story was recently told by the Rev. Thomas Greenwood.

"In those days," said Mr. Greenwood, "a wedding breakfast was a solid meal, not sandwiches and jellies. When he (Spurgeon) had married my brother to the daughter of Mrs. Passmore, she provided him with a plate of vegetables. I overheard her saying she hoped he would like it. I was not surprised at his reply: 'It does not awaken much enthusiasm.'"

With all his love of food and tolerance of wine, Spurgeon hated certain forms of amusements—notably theatres, billiards and cards. They, in his view, were snares set by the Devil.

He joked, loved laughter, had a weakness for punning, and yet, at times, had a bitter tongue, an illustration of which is the following remark made of a contemporary preacher: "Ten thousand thousand are his words, but all his thoughts are one."

Didn't waste time

Many people may think it strange that Spurgeon never spent long periods in private prayer. Let his own words explain that: "Why should I? I go to the bank with a cheque, and as soon as it is cashed I leave. I do not stop to chat with the cashier."

Those are just a few glimpses of a man born a hundred years ago, who profoundly affected his own time and whose influence still permeates the Church which celebrates his centenary this year.

When he was buried these words were read at his graveside: "*The vista of this praiseful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From Psalm to Psalm, from Hallelujah to Hallelujah we will ascend the Hill of the Lord until we come into the Holiest of all, where, with veiled faces we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless adoration.*"

These words came from one of the 3,563 sermons, whose total sales reached 150,000,000.

YOU'LL BE LOOKING THROUGH SOON ... but that's our Secret Surprise for Every Reader. Tell Your Friends to Watch "John Bull."

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost

There is no better breakfast food than Bread - and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread - order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION C.F.H. 104

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

APRIL RECORDS - *that welcome in the Spring!*

Two twinkling theatre stars

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Steals the heart away

Gertrude Lawrence (Cannons)

Just before she left England, Gertrude Lawrence, whose three records from "Nymph Errant" (B8029-31) sold in such enormous numbers, made this new record. If ever a voice suggested affection and womanly tenderness hers does here.
An hour ago this minute, & What now? (Both from "Big Business"). GERTRUDE LAWRENCE with Orchestral Acc. B8137 2/6

EVELYN LAYE

Indeed the "Princess Charming"

Evelyn Laye's voice has increased in richness and volume, and she has never sung so well as she is singing now.
Near and yet so far (Kester and Noble) *Brave Hearts.* B8136 2/6
Love is a song, The Princess's Awakening (Kester) (From the Film, "Princess Charming") B8138 2/6

MENDELSSOHN

Fingal's Cave

A marvellous piece of nature depiction, and one of Mendelssohn's finest works.
Fingal's Cave—Overture—Op. 26 (Mendelssohn) Parts 1 and 2. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult. DB2100 6/- A Connoisseur Record, obtainable to special order only.

RICHARD CROOKS

unexcelled, in two lovely songs

Richard Crooks

Richard Crooks—the world-famous tenor—has an amazing flair for finding songs that appeal to every listener. His singing of the songs on this new record could not be excelled by any singer.
All through the night (English words by Walter Maynard) Ar Hyd y Nos (Old Welsh Air) Beautiful Isle of Somewhere (Pounds and Pearis). RICHARD CROOKS with Organ Acc. DA1265 4/-

Perfect recordings of

GRIEG'S

The Peer Gynt Suite, played by John Barbirolli and his Orchestra.
"Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1. Op. 46 (Grieg) No. 1—Morning, a lovely pastoral movement: *No. 2—Death of Ase*, an exquisite elegy: *No. 3—Anitra's Dance*, simulated orientalism: *No. 4—In the Hall of the Mountain King*, mystic, exciting: JOHN BARBIROLLI and HIS ORCHESTRA. C2640-1 4/- each. Connoisseur Records, obtainable to special order only.

Here's PAUL ROBESON

sing these "darkie" songs

Paul Robeson's art has grown more expressive and subtle, and the latest methods of recording have enabled us to capture the finer over-tones of his voice as never before.
Wagon Wheels. Mammy's little kinky-headed boy. PAUL ROBESON B8135 2/6

A MEDLEY OF THE WORLD'S BEST MELODIES
Medley of Popular Classics—Parts 1 and 2. SYDNEY GUSTARD (Played on the Organ of Gaumont Palace Cinema, Chester) C2651 4/-

"His Master's Voice"

Send a postcard for full descriptive list to The Gramophone Co., Ltd., 106T Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

They both live in a smoky city

BUT OH, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...

SHE
honestly thinks
she's moving all the grime that comes from soot—but dirt gets stuck *inside* the fabrics. Week by week her linens go a little greyer and her washing seems a fruitless task.
SHE
makes sure
of perfect cleanliness for her linens with Persil's oxygen suds: not an atom of stain or soot is left behind. That's the only way to make linens give longest wear and lovely whiteness.

THERE'S some dirt ordinary washing simply can't shift however much you boil and scrub. Take Mrs. Gray's unhappy looking sheets. Every week a little dirt gets ironed in.

But Persil alone—without extra soap or anything else—makes *certain* of getting all the dirt out. Its safe oxygen and soap action loosens dirt, dissolves it, pushes it right out. That's why Mrs. White's sheets look as dazzling now as when she was first married.

It's the same with coloureds, silks, and fabrics of every sort. The Persil action washes safely, quickly, *perfectly*.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 460-71-e5 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

How I Got RID OF WRINKLES AT 60

Grandmother reveals Secret of Smooth Young Skin

"No one will believe that I was sixty years of age last week," writes Mrs. K. of . . . . . .

"Even my granddaughter, aged 19, and her young friends are envious of my smooth unwrinkled skin. I owe my youthful complexion entirely to regular use of Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood."

'Biocel' is the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. Now contained in Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) it nourishes and rejuvenates the skin. Wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood will make you look ten years younger in a month.

FREE. By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 4221W), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

TAKE AN UMBRELLA *and wear what you like.*

You need never lament the decease of an expensive hat if you rely on a smart umbrella built on a Fox's Frame to shield you from the showers. Made from the finest Sheffield steel, Fox's frames are the most reliable and the neatest manufactured. They are light in weight and perfect in construction.

LOOK FOR FOX'S TICKET ON ALL THE BEST UMBRELLAS

FOX'S FRAMES

CATARRH Sufferers—

Turn to the Allen Cooper advt. on page 14, and fill in the coupon for free particulars.

ISLANDS are in the news again. This time with the report that Britain is negotiating for the purchase of Timor Island, at present owned jointly by the Portuguese and the Dutch, which stands, a solitary strip of land, in the shark-infested Timor Sea, off the North West corner of Australia.

Until a year ago, Timor Island had been scarcely heard of. Record-breaking airmen, however, jostling each other along the route to Australia, have made its name familiar as the last jumping-off point for the perilous hop from Malaya to Australia.

The supposed explanation for this country's sudden interest in Timor is a proposal to build there a gigantic air-seaport.

It lies on the new air route to Australia and in a line with the bases at Singapore. Its strategic value may also have some bearing in relation to Japanese penetration of the Pacific.

But many people, particularly certain harassed officials at the Colonial Office, must wonder what we want with any more islands.

Britannia, they will tell you, is already a little like the old lady who lived in a shoe. She has so many islands that she doesn't know what to do.

It is a strange fact that neither the Colonial Office nor the Hydrographic Department at the Admiralty (who rule the waves with a yardstick) could tell you offhand how many islands Britain owns.

"Phew!" they will answer, "We've never counted them. It would be a gigantic task."

Another Little Island—

And we've already far too many to count

Think wistfully of this South Pacific paradise which fifty people share— Lord Howe Island

AT a rough guess you could put it at about 2,000 named islands and three or four times as many unnamed. But whatever figure you need fear no contradiction. There are no records.

So prodigal are we of island possessions that more than half of them have never been officially visited. Many of them are merely Nature's ash heaps, the crests of extinct volcanoes, pushed above the sea level.

Others may be treasure houses of natural wealth in deposits of guano, phosphates or rare metals. Nobody knows exactly.

There has never been the time, the funds, or the organisation available to explore them all thoroughly. They are just specks or blots on the ocean charts. Britain's unknown islands.

Now and then we buy a new one. Now and then we grab another. There was an example of that recently when the captain of the British steamer *Lelande* sighted two new islands in the South Atlantic, off Sao Paulo Island, near the coast of Brazil.

He only saw them as a shipmaster should, and reported them "as dangerous to shipping." But forthwith there was a race between a British and a Brazilian cruiser to be the first to plant a flag. The British cruiser won.

The reason for all this eagerness was that the new islands lay on the air route from Africa to South America. They were reported also to play strange tricks with ships' compasses, pointing possibly to valuable deposits of manganese or iron ore.

Sometimes we give an island or two away. Not long ago the Government kindly gave Jan Mayen Island in the Arctic to the Norwegians. Henry Hudson discovered it in 1607, and in 1618 James I granted it by Charter to the Corporation of Hull.

The Government decided recently, however, that the sovereignty might be in some doubt, and as Norway wanted it badly for a whaling station, she could have it. It is remarkable, though, that Hull gave it up so easily. On the grounds of novelty alone it might have been worth keeping.

THERE cannot be many English cities which own an island "beyond the seas"—even an Arctic island. No doubt giving it away has solved a pretty problem for the burgesses. Would a settler on it have been compelled to pay rates to Hull?

Sometimes we give away what we haven't got—or are not sure we have got. Bouvet Island, which we also gave recently to the Norwegians for an Antarctic whaling station, is an example.

Bouvet Island is a mystery island which has caused much furrowing of brows among the chart men at the Admiralty.

Its "high rugged escarpments" have been found and lost again many times since 1739, when it was first discovered.

A month ago "Evans of the Broke," homesick again for the Antarctic, set out in a cruise from Capetown in the sloop *Milford*.

One of his avowed objects was to find Bouvet Island again, and this time to pin it down definitely on the charts. Otherwise, no doubt, the Norwegians could say, "Find it for us, before you give it to us." Cables a few days ago stated that he had found it and was taking a good look at it.

Whitehall is usually reminded of the existence of some of these island possessions when somebody else wants them.

A certain Princess Dayang, for instance, is suing the British Government for 16 small islands in the Sulu Sea, near British North Borneo.

She says they are hers and she is annoyed because they are leased to a British company for only £100 a year, which she considers is not enough.

The U.S. Government is hinting, too, that it would like certain of our Marquesas Islands in the glamorous South Seas. It has suggested that some of our War Debt might be remitted in return for them.

IT wants to build submarine bases in the blue lagoons, and replace the waving palms with wireless towers.

Occasionally we are sorry that we took so little notice of some of our unknown islands.

There will be irony in the purchase of Timor Island for strategic reasons if that transaction goes through, for last century we light-heartedly made Japan a gift of the Bonin Islands in the Pacific.

These islands have now created the whole of what is called the Pacific problem. Japan has fortified them and has made them into air and naval bases.

They are now forbidden territory. Not long ago the Right Rev. S. Heaslett, Bishop of Tokyo, intended to visit them in his pastoral capacity.

He was abruptly informed by the Japanese Government that he must abandon his voyage, since neither he nor any other foreigners were allowed to set foot on the islands.

But among Britain's thousands of unknown islands those we have and hold are endless fields for speculation and discovery.

Expeditions into the hinterlands of vast continents have always pushed them out of the headlines. Beyond an occasional treasure-hunting expedition they have never seemed to interest the prospectors and explorers. What treasures might they not hold?

They conceal countless other treasures, too, not necessarily summed up in hard cash.

Who in these harassed days might not think wistfully of the little-known Lord Howe Island, in the South Pacific? It is seven miles long by one wide. Annual income £300, but they run a cricket eleven which they occasionally send on tour.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Easter Eggs

THIS is the period of the year when the "system fiends" write to me by the score. One and all they have found the road that leads to riches if . . .

Aston, of Birmingham, says that all he needs to discover is the market hot-pots. Can I tell him overnight what will start favourite for any particular race.

In the early part of the season 50 per cent. of favourites are "springers" and, naturally, one has to be on the course to note them.

A paddock inspection tells most. A glance at the runners as they circle round the ring reveals the majority of them with "tummies" as round as barrels.

The clever backer can thus reduce the "likelies" to half a dozen or so.

Now for a little holiday cash. Kempton Park, with its Rosebery Stakes, the feature on Saturday, and the Queen's Prize topping the bill on Easter Monday, makes the biggest appeal of the many race meetings.

Scarlet Tiger, Light o' Love, Canaletto and Mainwood—all trained at Newmarket—have been gingered up for the Rosebery Stakes. Light o' Love may be best.

On the Bank Holiday I suggest Eurythmique and Court Equerry for the Queen's Prize, Mellford for the Richmond Plate and Shami for the Easter Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 29, to Wednesday, April 4.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

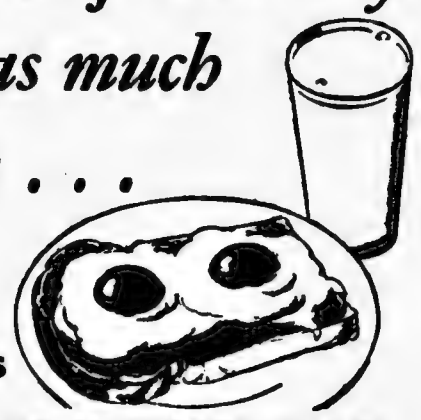
Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

When cycling becomes hard work...

During a whole morning's fishing...

When it's a long-distance motor-coach...

Buy a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as...



A GLASS OF MILK

AND TWO POACHED EGGS

ON ONE LARGE SLICE OF BUTTERED TOAST

and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is *real* satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast.

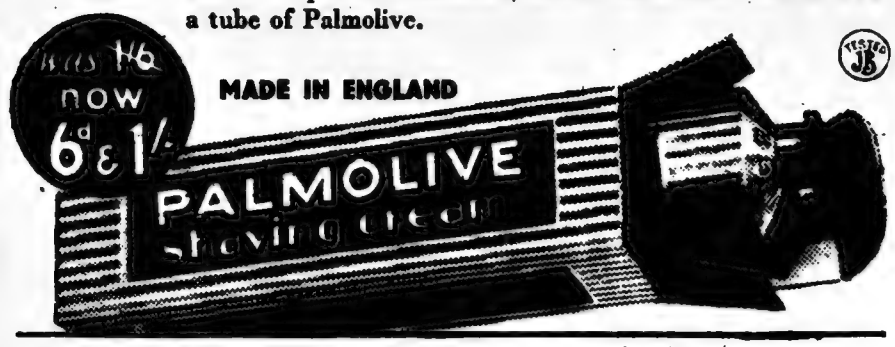
CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE ¼ lb. 4D

a very nourishing food

Now cheaper shaves — thanks to us!

Palmolive Shaving Cream is so good it costs less! Because many more thousands of men in all walks of life are taking to it, we have been able to reduce the price. Bigger demand means lower production costs. Yet the quality is as excellent as ever. You have, as before, the full benefits of an olive oil shaving cream—pleasant after effects, and a quick acting, long-lasting lather. Treat yourself to weeks of quicker, smoother, more comfortable shaves with a tube of Palmolive.



Just a minute, please!

That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" on pages 20 and 21. You're bound to find something of interest or value there.

A Treat to Meat!

Military Pickle gives zest to the appetite, and makes the cold meat a treat to eat.

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

Castols

THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

Castols were first brought out in 1909 and have proved perfectly safe and satisfactory under the severest test of all—the test of time. Your chemist will recommend them with the confidence of long experience.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

PILES ENDED
WITHOUT SURGERY
OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say :—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes :—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says :—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced ; no harmful drugs to undermine the system ; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.31, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

BETTER THAN EVER

FREE TO CLIENTS THE BIG TWO FREE TO CLIENTS

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

FROM MARCH, 1934, to MARCH, 1935.

A MINE OF INFORMATION FOR ALL SPORTSMEN

SOME OF THE CONTENTS

Diary of Sporting Events—Turf Records—Racing Fixtures—The 'Big Two' Ready Reckoner, showing amount won at odds against and odds on, win or place, in singles and doubles—Football Records—Cricket Averages and Records—Billiards, Boxing, Athletics, Rowing, Swimming, Cycling and Olympic Records—reproductions of outstanding copyright sporting photographs.

BOUND IN FULL CLOTH — GILT EDGES

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People—"It is a neat and useful book for all punters."

Sunday Sportsman—"Better than ever. A mine of information dealing with all sports records."

Everybody's Weekly—"The most handy sporting information book I have ever handled."

Sporting Life—"An interesting Diary for the racing man."

Reynolds's News—"Most interesting. Will prove most useful to all backers."

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accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit, Win or Place.

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Every New Client will receive the 'BIG TWO' SPORTSMAN'S DIARY Free.

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267 BATH STREET GLASGOW C2

WORST LUCK I EVER HAD

MY worst luck befel me some years ago, when, by the mere spin of a coin, my sister and I decided to go with an excursion to a seaside town.

The train was involved in an accident with the result that I lost both my legs. Consequently, instead of taking long walks as I loved doing, I have to be content with pottering about the house in my own way, and being wheeled out to see the country.—"*Both Off*," *Yorkshire.*

Persistent Microbe

It was sixteen years ago, when I succumbed to an attack of a typhoid germ. Since then the little rascal has never let me alone.

He has lost me my work a dozen times, attacked me in five different parts of my body, has laid me on a stretcher on eleven occasions and sent me to hospital twenty-four times.

He has chased me from the north to the south of England, and twice caused me to evacuate my house. But I'll have the victory in the end.—*S. M., Newbiggin.*

Short Notice

At the start of, as I had hoped, a stage career, I attended an audition for the selection of two girls for small parts in a new West End production. It was a chance in a lifetime.

We were told we should be required to recite something of our own choosing, and having just received the then new poem, "If," by Rudyard Kipling, I studied and learned this until I felt I knew it to perfection.

The girl preceding me, however, had selected this very piece and received a great ovation, while my attempt at such short notice at one of my old pieces was a failure.—*Miss H., S.E.20.*

Promotion Lost

A teacher in a village school, I was due for promotion to school-mistress. One day an inspector called unexpectedly and proceeded to test the general knowledge of my class. I had nothing to fear, for the standard of intelligence was remarkably high that term, with the exception of four boys who were lazy and decidedly obtuse.

Judge of my chagrin, therefore, when the inspector devoted the whole of his questions to those four boys. I was staggered at my ill-luck, and my attempts at explanation were ignored.

I never received my promotion.—*L. T., Birmingham.*

Never Suspected

As a member of a Church "vigilance" committee I was deputed to investigate rumoured heavy gambling in a local institution. By sheer luck I was the very image of a suspected habitué and so gained admittance to the place of alleged corruption.

Luck held good until I located the secret gambling room. But pushing open the padded door, a bitter condemnation on my lips, I encountered the worst luck I ever had. For there, in charge of the proceedings and running the "bank," sat my employer.—"*Unemployed*," *Kettering.*

No Benefit

After a successful season at the seaside, the pierrot troupe to which I belonged, arranged a benefit concert for me.

The whole of the box-office receipts and the collections made outside the enclosure were to be handed to me. It was ideal weather and the public appeared in encouraging numbers. But, just as the show commenced, a fire engine dashed by, and our audience left to watch the blaze.

The takings were negligible and, what was far worse, I had lost all my belongings in the fire that destroyed my lodgings.—"*Pierrot*," *Northants.*

Witnessed Crash

I had been a flying pupil for some time, and my instructor expected great things of me.

Unfortunately, the day before I was to take my first solo flight another pupil had the most terrible crash ever witnessed at the club. The sight of his machine, battered and in flames, still lingers in my memory.

I never qualified for my "A" certificate, for my nerve went completely, all due to my ill-luck in witnessing my only cousin's death.—*K. B., Liverpool.*

"Out!"

I once visited my old school to watch a cricket match between the school eleven and a team of old boys.

One of the old boys failed to turn up, and I accepted an invitation to play in his place.

Unfortunately, when fielding a fast ball I fell and injured myself. This was indeed the worst luck I ever had, as, owing to my injury, I lost one eye and injured the other.

Now, with this disability, I am seriously handicapped through life.—*R. D., London.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 3.

My Proudest Moment

Still a Clerk

Several years ago a fellow-clerk urged me to combine with him in the purchase of some tea shares. His brother, a planter, had written to tell him that the shares, then worth about 4s. 6d. each, were likely to rise considerably in value.

I decided that for a man in my position the speculation was too hazardous, as I could ill-afford to lose money. My friend, however, took the risk, raised every penny he possibly could, and bought about 3,000 shares.

Recently they were quoted at 31s. 4d. each! I am still a clerk.—*R. N., Notts.*

Missed Reward

Walking along the Strand one day I noticed a small parcel in the gutter. I half turned to pick it up, and then, thinking better, or worse as it turned out, I continued on my way.

Next day I read in the papers that a string of pearls had been picked up at that very spot, tied up in a small brown paper parcel.

No wonder I kicked myself when I learned that the finder had been rewarded with a hundred pounds.—"*Mug*," *Hants.*

Bad Decision

Many years ago I stayed at a small hotel in the Midlands. Arriving late at night, I was tired and suggested bed.

"Your room is number 13, sir," said the manager "there are no other visitors to-night, so you won't be disturbed."

Bearing this information in mind, and having a superstitious dread of number 13, I took possession of room 14, and was soon asleep.

When I awoke in the morning every limb in my body was locked: I had slept in a damp bed and contracted acute muscular rheumatism.

Twisted joints to-day bear witness to my unlucky decision.—*M. A., Dorset.*

Rendered Unconscious

I had known him in the days before he went to America and became wealthy, and he wrote offering me the sole agency in this country of the goods he manufactured. I was to meet him at Liverpool to discuss terms, as he was staying only a few days in England.

On my way to the station, however, I was badly injured in a 'bus accident, being rendered unconscious for three days.

As I did not appear he assumed I didn't want the agency, and gave it to someone else who has made a fortune out of it.—"*Still Poor*," *Essex.*

* * *

It was at the age of eighteen, when I made my first bet on a racehorse and won fifty shillings.

More than forty years of subsequent racing speculations have resulted in a yearly debit balance, and now, at the age of sixty-three, I am poor and still working.—*S. H. E., Staffs.*

When given only three months to live by my doctor, I spent all my savings having a last "good time." That was ten years ago, and now, luckily or otherwise, I am out of work and penniless.—"*Still Alive*," *Plaistow.*

As a circus performer, my bitterest experience was when one of our elephants grabbed my wage packet and swallowed it.—*W. G., Hull.*

A typist had typed "19th" instead of "9th" on the letter arranging an interview, and the error passed unnoticed by the person signing the letter. This, the worst luck I ever had, closed the gates of a glorious commercial career.—"*Ledger*," *Llandudno.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on March 31

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) SHEFFIELD U. v. Middlesbrough.
(2) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Everton.
**(3) ASTON VILLA v. Blackburn.
(4) PORTSMOUTH v. Wednesday.
(5) Chelsea v. W.B. Albion.
*(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Manchester C.
(7) LEICESTER v. Newcastle.
(8) Liverpool v. DERBY.
(9) Stoke v Arsenal.
*(10) SUNDERLAND v. Birmingham.
*(11) HOTSPUR v. Leeds.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) GRIMSBY v. Bury.
**(2) PLYMOUTH v. Southampton.
(3) BRADFORD v. Lincoln.
*(4) BOLTON v. Bradford C.
(5) BRENTFORD v. Port Vale.
(6) BURNLEY v. Notts County.
(7) Manchester U. v. Blackpool.
*(8) FOREST v. Hull City.
(9) OLDHAM v. Swansea.
**(10) PRESTON v. Millwall.
(11) WEST HAM v. Fulham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Charlton v. NORWICH.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Bristol C.
(3) WATFORD v. Newport.
(4) BRISTOL R. v. Luton.
(5) Cardiff v. Clapton Orient.
*(6) COVENTRY v. Torquay.
*(7) PALACE v. Aldershot.
(8) Exeter v. Swindon.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Brighton.
(10) READING v. Q.P. Rangers.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Northampton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) CHESTERFIELD v. York.
(2) ROCHDALE v Chester.
(3) WREXHAM v. Halifax.
(4) Accrington v. WALSALL.
(5) BARNSLEY v. Barrow.
(6) DARLINGTON v. N. Brighton.
**(7) GATESHEAD v. Rotherham.
(8) Hartlepools v. Stockport.
(9) Mansfield v. Carlisle.
(10) SOUTHPORT v. Crewe.
(11) TRANMERE v. Doncaster.

SCOTTISH CUP—(Semi-Final).

(1) MOTHERWELL v. St. Mirren.
(2) St. Johnstone v. RANGERS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HIBERNIAN v. Airdrie.
*(2) PARTICK v. Cowdenbeath.
(3) Third Lanark v. CELTIC.
(4) Clyde v. HEARTS.
(5) Dundee v. Ayr United.
(6) HAMILTON v. Queen's Park.
(7) Kilmarnock v. QUEEN OF SOUTH.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in the code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*H*); Southern Section—1 (*A*); Northern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*A*) would indicate Aston Villa, Preston, Norwich, Gateshead and Hearts.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Conductor." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry, Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 233.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"White Lions" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/6 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Reduce Your Blood Pressure with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

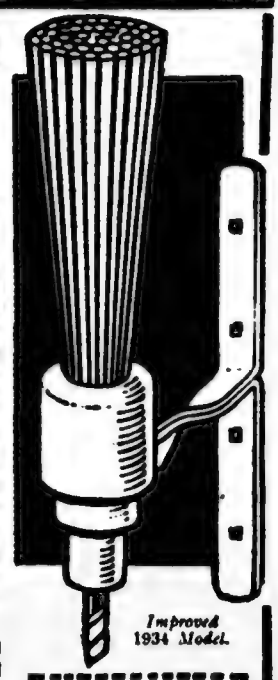
SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd.,

Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 18.A.), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., London Bridge, E.C.4, and Branches.

SCRAP THOSE "DRUNKEN" POLES!

NO-MAST THE WORLD'S BEST AERIAL REQUIRES NO POLE



Improved 1934 Model.

ENABLES YOU TO TUNE IN AND SEPARATE STATIONS NEVER HEARD BEFORE ON YOUR SET

Only outdoor aerials give the best results. Follow the example of leading Radio experts and B.B.C. officials and instal the "No-Mast" Aerial, which costs much less to buy and erect than the unsightly troubles:me pole aerial. The "No-Mast" Aerial is scientifically made and will definitely improve range, volume, and selectivity. A boon to flat-dwellers, enabling them to have an efficient outdoor aerial.

COUPON To CENTRAL EQUIPMENT LIMITED, 188, LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL, 3.

Please send to my address: NAME & ADDRESS HERE.

1. ONE NO-MAST AERIAL (P.O. for 10/6 enclosed).
2. Descriptive Folder (Strike out item not required).

J.B. 31/3/34 BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE.

10/6

DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME

Complete with fittings.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 12.

Suffered with Psoriasis 7 Years Healed by Cuticura

"My girl suffered with psoriasis for seven years, and I was told it could not be cured. It appeared like a dry scaly eruption, her head being the worst. I had all her hair taken off and she was home from school for months at a time. She did not know what it was to have a quiet night's rest as it itched terribly and was always burning.

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. Then I bought more and after using four boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap she was healed and now has a fine head of hair." (Signed) Mrs. T. E. Dymond, 4 Theodora St., Broadway, Cardiff, S. Wales, July 26, 1933.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d. Talcum 1s 3d. For sample stick address: Norbury & Phillips Ltd., 11, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's. Carriage Paid £3 17 6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4 17 6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies' Gent's, Juveniles, & Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

'ASPRO' TIME IS HERE

'Flu — Colds — Rheumatism & Epidemic Complaints are on the increase.

ACT NOW

Guard against epidemic complaints. 'Flu—colds—and rheumatism are on the increase. The sensible thing to do is to smash them at once with 'ASPRO' for it is a fact beyond a shadow of doubt that 'ASPRO' taken at inception, will banish 'flu, colds and rheumatism. Furthermore, for epidemic and feverish complaints it is of stupendous value, for, by promoting a healthy skin action, 'ASPRO' eliminates the harmful poisons through the millions of skin pores. So you see 'ASPRO' does not suppress, it eliminates. This fact is most important, to be recognised by all. Remember 'ASPRO' harms neither the heart nor the stomach. All can be benefited from child to parent—quickly, too: It is a demonstrated fact that

MAN, WOMAN and CHILD CAN BE SAVED MUCH ILLNESS and DISCOMFORT BY THE 'ASPRO' METHOD

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & Co. Pty. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.) SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

HUSBAND AND LITTLE GIRL BANISH COLDS

Twickenham, Middlesex.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write how pleased I am with the results of the box of 'ASPRO' tablets which I purchased on the 14th inst. My husband and little girl had each contracted a cold, which readily yielded to the 'ASPRO' treatment.

I shall be most happy to recommend them to my friends.

I am, Yours faithfully, M. J. (Mrs.)

'FLU, COLDS AND HEADACHES BANISHED

Loddiges Road, Mare Street, Hackney, E.9.

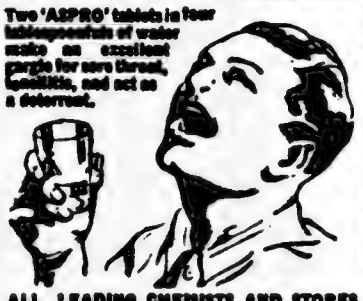
Gentlemen,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I write this letter to prove the genuine effect of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I sometimes have a headache which is unbearable, but a little while after I have taken two 'ASPRO' tablets it has gone. When I have felt a "flu" cold coming over me, I have gone to bed, drunk some hot lemon water with 2 'ASPRO' tablets and the next morning I am as "fit as a fiddle."—I am,

Yours gratefully, B.C.R.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

HUGE PENSION-PLUS-FORTUNE PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S X-WORD

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £600

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,000 CASH

THE interesting little puzzle below brings you an opportunity to join the fifteen competitors who are already receiving "John Bull" Crossword Pensions.

If your Solution is better than any other competitor's you will be invited to choose as your reward either a £2 weekly pension for life, accompanied by a big cheque for £600, or one huge cash payment of £1,000.

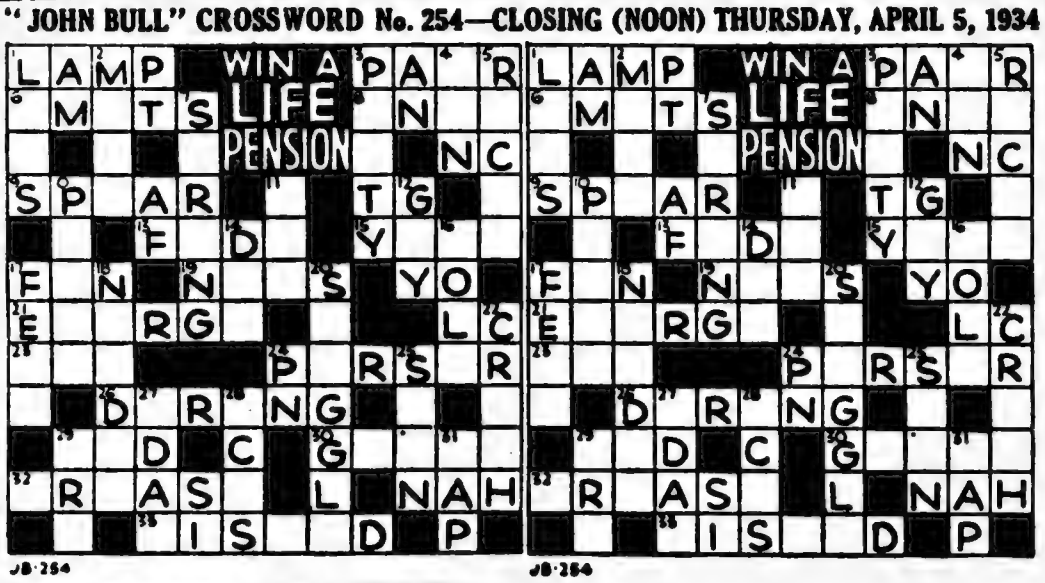
Easter holidays come this week and give you extra leisure to ponder over this problem. But there is no extension of the time for entering your squares; get busy on those Clues as soon as you can, for no prize can be yours unless your entry reaches us by noon, Thursday, April 5.

WINNERS' WIRES

Winner or sharers of First Prize will receive telegram seven days after closing date.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 12, 1934, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 19.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 254—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1934



JB·254

JB·254

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

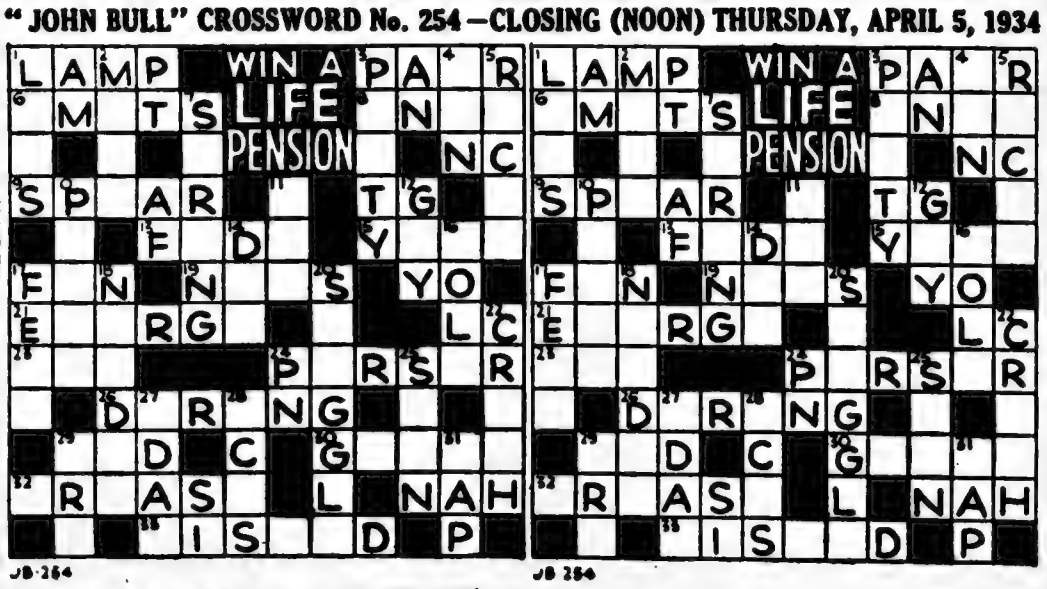
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 254—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1934



JB·254

JB·254

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/- See Rule 1

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 254, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 252.

JB.252

Winners in X-Word No. 251 appear on Page 12. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 252 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Light comes from this
3. Two of a kind
6. Leaves out
8. Indian coin
9. Weapon used by savages
13. Pet name for dog
15. What Fido does
17. Helps fish to swim
19. What annoying wife does
21. Put this into your work!
23. Consumed
24. He looks after ship's money
26. Fearless
29. Such soldiers never die
30. Wise bookies don't display them
32. May mar the look of a garment
33. Divorce shows Cupid did this

DOWN

1. Taxpayer nobly puts up with
2. Roadhog makes it fly
3. Is baked in a tin
4. Tavern
5. Many a packet is lost upon these
7. Needed in archer's bow
10. Modern woman usually carries hers
11. Means travelling slowly
12. Merry
14. Twenty-four hours
16. Is used for scaffolding
17. Takes courage
18. Is difficult to find in haystack
20. To do this, wait till coast is clear
22. Railway should take precautions against
25. Stunt airman sometimes risks
27. First man
28. Frozen sweetmeats
29. Gold is contained in
31. A spoonc

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, April 5.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 1, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

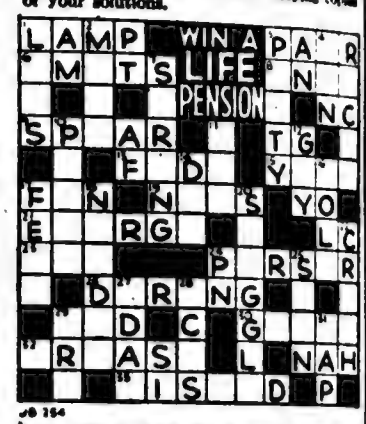
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

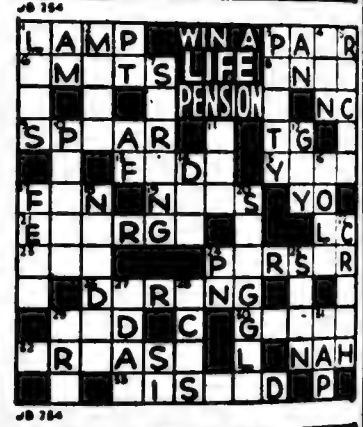
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

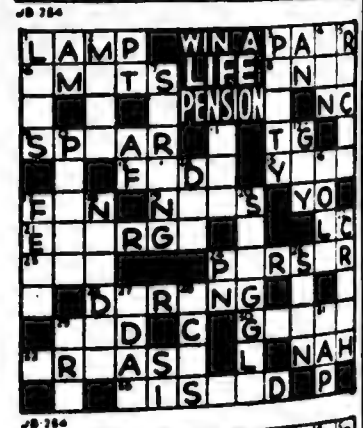
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 254



JB 254



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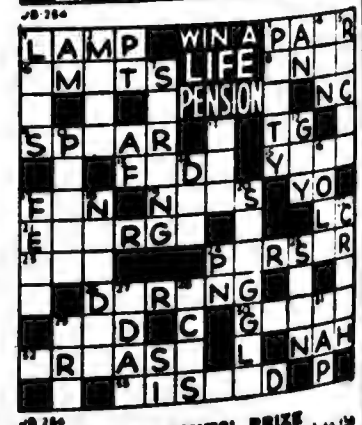


JB 254

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

£10 WEEKLY FOR LIFE!

Staggering X-Word Pension Coming

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

G. M. (Putney).—"A bookmaker I know weighs sixteen stone." Nervous backers regard this as a very fair handicap for the 2.35 gallop

WILFRED (Frome).—"Oh, spring! Oh, spring! What joy you bring." We know it! We know it! So don't be a poet.

T. N (Goole).—"I take care that no one makes a fool of me on the first of April." You like to have one day off every year?

A B (Staines).—"I am almost a bankrupt What can possibly be my outlook?" Unsettled

LION TAMER (London, E.C.).—"I have to keep on the right side of my animals." The outside of course.

E F (New Malden).—"Can you tell me something good for indigestion?" Salmon and cucumber just before going to bed.

EX-POLICEMAN (Bury).—"Since I retired, I am teaching my grandson decimals.' On point duty again.

G H. (Barnsley).—"If puddles aren't a sign of bad roads, what are they a sign of?" Rain

E. B. (Knebworth).—"I heard 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo' on the golf links yesterday." We once had a cheeky caddie, too.

R. M. (Hitchin).—"Do you often go to see the Grand National run?" No, only once a year

PATER (Cromer).—"I cannot understand my son's attitude to work." What, does he like it?

NATURALIST (Hull).—"It is not generally known, but all bees are stone deaf." So it is only a waste of time to tell them to buzz off?

THIRTY (Snape).—"When will women recognise that I am a confirmed bachelor?' Not while you've enough breath in your body to say I will.

J S (Crieff).—"One must sacrifice sleep and rest when baby is teething." No prizes are offered for guessing which one must.

T. S (Kenton).—"The other day a cross-eyed man asked me to loan him my morning paper for a moment." And did you let him have a squint at it?

JIMMY (Chelsea).—"I thought the girl I met at the dance was from Ireland." And you found that she was from Iceland?

MISS ANNE (Bristol).—"Some Hollywood actresses are both beautiful and brilliant." Others are scarcely worth a non-speaking part in a wireless play!

DONALD MACD (Aberdeen).—"When I heard that a tobacco warehouse had caught fire, I hurried there at once." To inhale?

JAMES (Ealing).—"He had the audacity to ask what I paid for my house." What an inquisitive fellow! How much did you tell him?

MOTHER (St. Albans).—"When little Tommy gets his clothes muddy or dusty, I beat them with a stick." Before or afte removing little Tommy?

D N (Hammersmith).—"It is impossible to keep outwardly cool if you are boiling inside." But what about a vacuum flask?

T. N (Holborn).—"I saw ripe strawberries in a shop window yesterday marked 5s. a pound." Yes, they are for the cream of society.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"A good head of hair is an invaluable servant." Nevertheless it has a distressing habit of leaving without giving adequate notice.

S. R (Southsea).—"Infuriated women attacked a news-reel cameraman in Vienna recently when he attempted to film a crowd scene." Perhaps another time the thoughtless fellow will give them sufficient time to make up properly.

G B A (St. Andrews).—"Why should goff be accepted finally as the pronunciation of 'golf'?" Well, it is called so many different things by players who get bunkered that they had to come to some arrangement.

E. A. S (Watford).—"My son is always poking his nose into other people's business and I don't know what will happen to him when he grows up." Perhaps he'll make a successful gossip writer.

R. N (London, W.).—"The War Office is anxious to discover more inducements for men to join the colours." Then why not let them enlist for the duration of spring-cleaning?

G L (Hounslow).—"Why not have post offices in public-houses as well as in grocers' shops?" A great idea! No bandit would risk being peppered with post office pens hurled by skilled dart-throwers

MESSENGER (London, W.).—"If you knocked at a door repeatedly for a couple of hours and got no reply, what would you do?" If it was the door of a Government department—give it up.

M. D. (Eltham).—"It is better to give than to lend." And it often costs about the same.

J. F. H. (Petts Wood).—"I don't always go straight home." Then we bet your wife's remarks often do.

W. F. (Harrow).—"Time flows both ways." Just like the toothpaste tube after your wife has used it a few times

F. R. C. (Coulsdon).—"My wife does not appreciate a good husband." She might if she had one.

W. B (Tamworth).—"I take a lot of interest in the Budget every year." What a morbid taste!

B. C. F. (Ryde).—"He calls his baby car 'Bad habit.'" Because it is hard to get out of.

H. V. (Ealing).—"At time of writing I have no temperature." Nurse took it last night?

G. G. (Norwich).—"Give me fat men for honesty." They certainly can't stoop to anything low.

J. McD. (Stirling).—"I have an infallible cure for a cold." So has everyone—except the doctors.

H. H. (Ipswich).—"I am leaving this town to fish." What do you think they will be able to do with it?

M. B. S. (Haddington)—"How can I make a ten-shilling note go as far as a pound?" Post it to the same address.

G. O. (Sydenham).—"My job is one which gives me much cause for reflection." Are you a Crystal Palace window-cleaner?

G. D. (Norwood).—"Smoking more often leads to paralysis of the tongue" Mean husbands will try that one on the wife.

MRS. M. (Lowestoft).—"I heard a noise in the night and there was a man under the bed." So hubby heard the noise first, eh?

INDIGNANT (Birmingham).—"Just because it was foggy, the taxi-driver charged me double fare." Perhaps he couldn't see his way clear to take you for less.

E. A. (Willian).—"We are suffering from a plague of frogs in this village." Can they be under the impression that this is leap year?

M. A. (Southampton).—"I am an actor on tour and I get letters from ladies in nearly every town in which I have appeared." Landladies, we presume.

A MACP. (Aberdeen).—"I am seventy-five and have just been to my first football match." Was the man at the turnstile tying his lace as you went through?

D. G. (Hanley).—"I take a long walk every Sunday." Well, take the *Examples* for *Bullets* with you this week. Then you may soon be walking to the bank each Saturday of your life with a £12 cheque See page 34.

O B (Bray).—"It almost appears that the more laws we enact the more law-breakers we create." This probably accounts for the number of lawyers among the law-makers.

W. B. (Grendon).—"A lot of people who know nothing about racing go to Aintree every year." And exclaim: "Oh those poor little jockeys!" when the crowd shouts "They're off!"

W M. (Dorking).—"Have you ever noticed that the man with an artificial leg is generally happy?" If he makes a tactless remark at the dinner-table there is a sporting chance that his wife will kick the cork limb.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

"Elswick"

FAMOUS FOR FINISH

The smartest cycles on the road are Elswicks. See the new models at your dealers and write to-day for our 36 page illustrated catalogue

from £3.19.9

to 9 Gns. and No-Deposit Easy Terms

ELSWICK CYCLES Ltd., Barton-on-Humber, Lincs.

CURE THAT PIP

FOR COMPLEXION AND ENJOY LIFE!

PURE BEER (ALE OR STOUT) is the most wonderful and enjoyable tonic—But it must be pure, so make it yourself for 1D PER PINT FROM VIGGORMALT

The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Rich Malt and Hops.

(No Adulteration or Colouring).

FREE YEAST WITH EVERY TIN

Simply Add Cold Water

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops.; and all Chemists, Grocers and Stores; or, write direct for a Trial Size (for Ale or for Stout—state which). 1/- Post Free, to VIGGORMALT LTD. (Dept. 20), Hove, Sussex

IMPROVE YOUR RADIO

Range, Volume and Selectivity

Readers' attention is drawn to the "No-Mast" Aerial offer on p. 31. Less unsightly than the troublesome pole aerial, and easy to erect, this latest invention will be delivered to your home for only 10/6, complete with fittings. If you wish to learn more about the No-Mast Aerial, fill in the coupon for descriptive folder which will bring full particulars. You can, if you wish, order from the advt.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Frame 21 or 23in., Hasting Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Harsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Hasting Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Mud Guards, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.19.6 or 10/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile, Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

MIGHTY DOUBLE RECORD OFFER

GIANT LIFE PENSION

EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE OR

ENTER BY SAT. APRIL 14

Enter For The Greatest "Bullets" Offer Ever Made

TO-DAY JOHN BULL launches a sensational *Bullets* contest with the finest prize-list in the history of literary competitions. This Double Record Offer brings within your reach an unparalleled array of prizes totalling over £6,500 in value!

For the best *Bullet* entered JOHN BULL will pay a staggering First Prize of £12 Weekly for Life or a fortune of £5,000 cash, adding a superb Radio Gramophone to whichever huge award is chosen.

Following this prize without precedent come 49 graded cheques, each accompanied by an £18 18s. All-electric Radio Gramophone, a magnificent instrument which turns a home into a comfortable theatre at the touch of a switch.

Notice also that entrants of four coupons or more (*i.e.*, not fewer than eight *Bullets*) are invited to enter entirely free for a great new £250 *Bullets* Football Contest, full details of which will be found on the opposite page.

Never before has a single two-week contest brought so many huge opportunities, so out with your paper and pencil for an immediate attack on the *Examples* provided.

Provided your entry is in by Saturday, April 14, JOHN BULL'S First Prize Telegram on Friday April 27, may make you rich for the rest of your life.

THIS WAY TO A HUGE SUCCESS

CAREFULLY read through the list of *Examples* and mark, say, 12 which appeal specially to you. Next jot down the rough ideas which occur to you as you consider what apt comments could be added to these *Examples*.

To complete each rough idea into a *Bullet*, you must now compress its meaning into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, forming a neat and pointed comment which links up clearly with the *Example* used.

For instance, you might decide to work on the *Example*, FAMILY OF NATIONS. The first thought it suggests to your mind might be *Would Increase Britain's Birth-rate*. But as you twist and turn those words about, seeking to express that idea in some unusual way, you could easily arrive at the completed *Bullet*, FAMILY OF NATIONS—WOULD SWELL NATION'S FAMILIES.

You are now almost ready to begin on your efforts. But to help you further, first study closely the good points of the prize-winning *Bullets* in Competition No. 929 which appear below. Then get busy on these £6,500 *Examples*.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY EXAMPLE

FAMILY OF NATIONS	HUMANITY'S TASK	PERILOUS PATH
SHATTERED ROMANCE	GLITTER OF STEEL	BAD BLUNDER
IN LIFE'S LOTTERY	IN THE BLOOD	END OF ALL
HOME OF MY DREAMS	HONEST JOHN	LOVE AND HATE
TO MAKE THINGS EASIER	POOR MAN	TO LIVE
TROUBLE IN THE AIR	OUR HOPE	BARREN SOIL
SAID SANDY TO SOLLY	ROARING TRADE	MOTHERS
HIS SHIP CAME HOME AND	BRITISH GOODS	SICK AND SORRY
OUGHT TO BE TAXED	TO KEEP HER	PRICELESS JEWEL
WHAT HE TOLD HER	ALWAYS	GENTLY
MAN WHO'S FORGOTTEN	THE BIGGEST	CAUGHT FATHER
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE	PEAK OF SUCCESS	WHAT SONNY DID
MONEY'S A PROBLEM, BUT	AT LAST	MAD
HER ONE AND ONLY	TOGETHER	NOT ENOUGH
PROSPERITY'S SUNSHINE	WAR FIRES	NATURE'S BEST
HOW TO BE HAPPY	IGNORED	ENDLESS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,300 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £750. COMPETITION No. 929

Mr. W. C. CLEVERDON, Weston, Totnes, Devon.

Example:—BUDGET WE WANT

Bullet:—"SMASHING" ONE, FINANCING "RECONSTRUCTION."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. B. CASSFORD, 71, Broadway, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Example: Before We Die
Bullet: For "Cause,' Let's "Reason."

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Miss M. EDWARDS, 676, Neath Road, Llansamlet Swansea.

Example: Not Clever Enough
Bullet: Blackmailer—*Law* "Extracted Payment."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: P. HEATON, 46, Thirlmere Street, Leigh, Lancs.
Changing — Future, Often — "Backward Glance.'

£19: D. ALLISON, Garden Street, Falkirk.
Well Fortified—World—Not "Had Enough"? (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: Mrs. A. WORSWICK, 105, St. Heliers Road, Blackpool.
Fair Dealing—"Assistant" Shopkeeper *Can't* Overwork

£17: R. F. TIBBETTS, 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough.
Behind Britain—Those Ghosts "Stand Solid."

£16: G. C. BULLOCK, 10, Honyatt Road, Gloucester.
To Help The Family—Motherland Needs *Fewer* "Lodgers."

£15: E. EDWARDS, 59, Robins Lane, St. Helens.
Good Fellow—To Imitate—Is Original!

£14: C. DAVIES, 1, Woodland Cottages, Bedlinog.
Dust And Dirt—Empires—Once "Swept" World

£13: A. F. ALDERMAN, 5, Bowerdean Street, Fulham, S.W.
Loving Parents—Shower Affection—Share Afflictions.

£12: H. T. BROWN, 6 Archer Road, Penarth.
The Whitehall Way—Framing—Then Blaming Regulations!

£11: J. E. JOWETT, 5, Russell Avenue, Queensbury.
Dust And Dirt—*And* Envy, Decorator's Friends.

£10: C. HEYWOOD, 3a, Albany Villas, Hove.
What Money Can't Buy—Silence—It "Hires" It.

£9: L. RICHARDS, 26, College Street, Swansea.
"Hullo, Misery!"—Or, Accusingly—"You're Merry!"

£8: E. BANNISTER, 9, George Street, Cleethorpes.
Peaceful Persuasion—Baby Finally "Nods Head."

£7: J. B. HUNTER, 157, W. Stirling Street, Alva, N.B.
Loving Parents—Study Lad—Steady "Ladder."

£6: A. BRADY, 37, Beatrice Avenue, Bebington.
When It Started—Raining, Villagers Inverted Umbrellas!

£5: Miss McGOWAN, 897, Middleton Road, Chadderton.
Hectic Life—Will Thrill—Till Spill.

£4: W. HARVEY, 36, Chadwell Road, Little Thurrock.
Loving Parents—Removing "Obstacles," Become "Handicap."

Each of the foregoing winners will also receive a 52 weeks' *Bullets* "Season Ticket," as will 30 winners of £3 each. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at "John Bull's" offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and address and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 928 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Dawson, 133, Parliament Street, Burnley.

DO NOT MISS THE ABSORBING "BULLETS" ARTICLE ON PAGE 17

'BULLETS' PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,500

OR HUGE LUMP SUM

£5,000 Cash

13,099 OTHER PRIZES

£200 · £50

£25 · £20 · £18 · £16 · £14 · £12
£10 · £9 · £8 · £7 · £6 · £5
5 OF £2·10 · 30 OF £1 · 50 OF 10/- · 1,000 OF 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGET' PRIZES
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

50

ULTRA 'LYNX' ALL MAINS £18·18

RADIO GRAMOPHONES

BATTERY RADIO CAN BE SUPPLIED IF WINNER HAS NO ELECTRIC MAINS

—ONE WITH EACH PRIZE OF £1 AND OVER

£250 FREE

COUPON BELOW ELIGIBLE ONLY IF ENCLOSED WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY • • SEE RULES

BY entering eight or more *Bullets* for Competition No. 933, either on entry-fee coupons or prize coupons totalling four or more, you become entitled to enclose this *Bullets* Football coupon with your entry and so compete entirely free for JOHN BULL's extra prize of £250.

Read these "Bullets" Football Instructions

You have simply to consider the comparative merit of the *Bullets* opposite each other on the coupon below. Place 1 in the forecast column if you think the first is the better; place 2 in the forecast column if you think the second is better; if you think them equal in merit, place "X" in the forecast column.

The £250 will be paid to the entrant whose forecast is correct, or nearest to the correct result as decided by the adjudicators. Prize divided in the event of a tie.

Each qualified entrant is allowed one Football Contest coupon only. *Any Football Coupon which is not actually enclosed in the same envelope as the necessary number of "Bullets" coupons as detailed here will be disqualified.*

Any coupon not written in ink, having incomplete or altered forecast, or not bearing the same name and address as the *Bullets* coupons with which it is enclosed, will be ruled out.

Entries will be accepted only on condition that the result, which will appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 26, is regarded as final and legally binding, the Competition Editor's decision being final.

The closing date, of course, is as for *Bullets* Double Record Offer—Saturday, April 14. But remember—there is a "*Bullets* Football" Contest of this kind every week in *Bullets Bulletin*.

"Bullets" Free Football Contest. Closing Sat., April 14			FORECAST 1, 2 or X BELOW
Back To Work Read's Or Wreck All	V.	After Marriage Sobered—And So Bored	
Lady Driver "Queen" Wanting Read's "Crown"	V.	World We Want "Hive"—Only "Drone," Machinery	
Happy Home If The *Chop* Fits	V.	What The Boarder Said "It's *Log* Of Mutton!"	
Grey Hair Beautiful If "Cared For"	V.	Climbing The Ladder Your Friends "Seem Smaller"	
With Music On Ideal Bathroom Wall-paper	V.	Army Of Officials Necessary To Spend Taxes	
Writing Home How The *Lies* Land	V.	Unexpected *Jock* In A Box	
My Pocket "Warmth" "Thermometer" Registering Friends'	V.	When Things Look Black "Firebrands" Deepen The Shadows	
Our Babies Little Rebels Preventing Rebellion	V.	Wife And Family Raid Pa. Then Parade	
Spring Cleaning Wife's "Offensive" Upsets "Retreat"	V.	Modern Grandma "Jean" That's No "Saint"	
Upsetting Becoming a *Word* Swallower	V.	Possibly There's Peace *In* Earth	
A Shock Ventriloquist's Doll Contracted Lock-Jaw	V.	Amateur Actor Put Sporran Under Chin.	
What Is Betting? Casting Bread Upon Turf	V.	Said About Her "Moves In Best *Triangles*"	

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

I enclose not less than 8 *Bullets* for Competition No. 933 and agree to the rules of this free "Football" Judging Contest.

Signed .....

Address .....

★ .....

WIN £250 BY SENDING THIS COUPON WITH 8 OR MORE "BULLETS"

EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.
EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34 With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
EXAMPLE BULLET EXAMPLE BULLET	(933) Closing SAT., Apl. 14	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed .....

Address .....

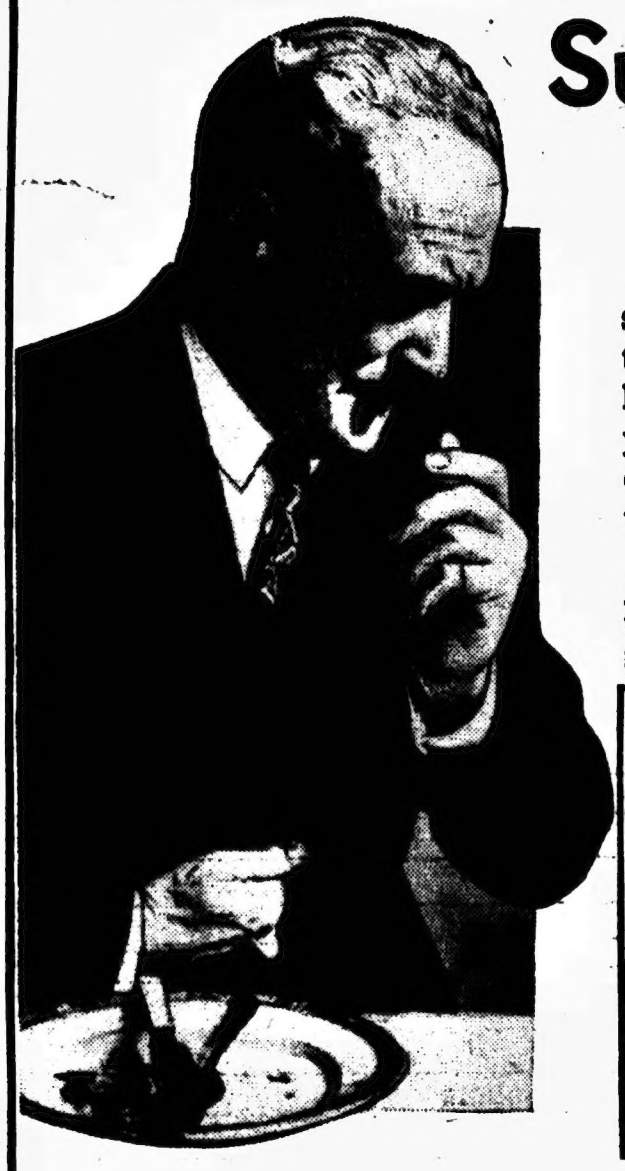
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name and address and date of posting on back of the Postal Order.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 933, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

INDIGESTION

Sufferers—Here is New Hope



THIS REMEDY ENDS INDIGESTION MISERY QUICKLY AND FOR GOOD!

Griping pains, burning stomach, sour bile rising in the throat, coated tongue, offensive flatulence, bilious headaches, heart palpitation—yes, you are in the grip of dreadful digestive trouble that, neglected, will wreck your health.

What are you going to do about it? Just wait on, hating meal-times, knowing the agony that awaits you after? Will you go on dosing yourself with preparations that never can get to the cause of your trouble, or—will you try this new-principle remedy that one-time sufferers say is amazing in its quick, sure action in ending chronic indigestion for good.

It does not matter what so-called remedies have failed you. If you will give De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion a fair trial you will realise you *can* conquer the pain, the misery, the danger of digestive trouble as thousands of others have done. Here is proof positive in two grateful letters from our files.

Two Letters every Indigestion Sufferer should read

AWFUL STOMACH PAINS ENDED

Mr. J. Harris, of 2 Dale View, Buxton, Derbyshire, says:—"Some time ago I commenced to have a nasty bitter fluid arising from my stomach, and an awful pain; also a dislike for any food. I was told my trouble was acute indigestion. I tried nearly everything for it, but to no purpose. At last, I practically consented to undergo an operation for ulcerated stomach, but decided to try De Witt's Antacid Powder which a friend recommended to me. From the first dose I experienced remarkable relief, and, continuing the treatment, I found my health completely restored, and to-day I can eat and enjoy anything. Friends marvel at the change in my health."

AGONISING INDIGESTION GONE

Mrs. Laughran, of 116 Northbrook St., Princes Park, Liverpool, says:—"My husband suffered intense pain from indigestion. He was in very bad pain and under the doctor. We thought we were going to lose him for he was getting no better. He really was in agony, so learning about DeWitt's Antacid Powder I sent for some and gave my husband one teaspoonful whilst he was in bed in agony. At once he went to sleep and had a real good night's rest, and each day he has improved. He is a different man. You can understand how grateful we are for learning about your remedy. It is the best we have tried—and we have tried many remedies. It should be more widely known."

Do not let Digestive Troubles get Worse until you become a Chronic Dyspeptic

Why this new remedy MUST help you

De Witt's Antacid Powder, with its nine special ingredients, is far removed from old-fashioned griping, purging salts, etc. With its entirely new principles, it—

1. **Neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of so much pain and danger.**
2. **Soothes irritated sour stomach.**
3. **Helps complete digestion of food.**
4. **Brings back fine, healthy appetite.**

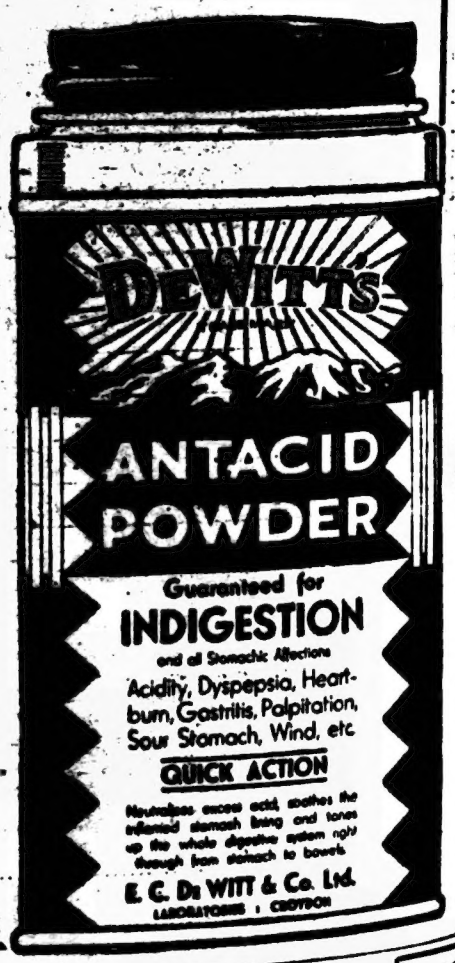
Don't wait for your indigestion to get worse. If you have suffered for years, don't despair. Even if your stomach is ulcerated, this new remedy can and will benefit you.

Every day that you delay in getting a supply of this new and wonderful preparation means a day of unnecessary suffering for you!

Whether you are just realising your digestive troubles or are a chronic martyr, in sheer agony after taking food, De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion will help you. Assist Nature to rebuild, re-strengthen your digestive system with this splendid new-principle remedy.

De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion is sold by chemists everywhere in handsome canisters containing one month's supply, price 1/6. Ask for De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Finest Remedy in the world for HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, ACID STOMACH, ULCERATION, GASTRITIS or GRIPING PAINS.


DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER
Guaranteed for
INDIGESTION
and all Stomachic Affections
Acidity, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gastritis, Palpitation, Sour Stomach, Wind, etc.
QUICK ACTION
Neutralises excess acid, soothes the inflamed stomach lining and tones up the whole digestive system right through from stomach to bowels.
E. C. De WITT & Co. Ltd.
LABORATORIES : CHISWICK

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

for INDIGESTION

FULL MONTH'S TREATMENT IN SKY BLUE CANISTER— 1/6

97 B50

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A69